

Improvement Era

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No. 1



Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
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Blessings from Sacrifice and Service*

By President Heber J. Grant

I rejoice again at having the opportunity of meeting with the Saints in general conference. It was a source of great regret to all of us that we could not hold our April conference because of health conditions throughout the state. I am gratified, seeing that our postponed conference was only last June, that we have as large an attendance as we have here today.

Dependence Upon the Lord

In standing before you today I feel my weakness and my dependence upon the Lord, and I pray for the faith, sympathy and good will of all who are here assembled, that what I may say shall be for their benefit as well as for my own. I can hardly realize that I am standing here as your representative, at the head of the Church. When I think of the men who have occupied this position, from President Brigham Young to President Joseph F. Smith, I indeed feel weak, but my faith and my knowledge regarding the divinity of the work in which we are engaged are so perfect that I have no doubt whatever that the Lord will give to me, with the aid of my counselors and the Council of the Twelve, with whom I meet in council every week, the inspiration to guide and direct the affairs of the Church in a way and manner which will be pleasing and acceptable to him. I have the same faith as that expressed by Nephi of old; namely, that the Lord requires no labor or work at the hands of man but what he will prepare a way whereby that labor can be accomplished. If I know my own heart, it is set absolutely upon seeking for the mind and the will of the Lord, and

*Opening address at the October, 1919, general semi-annual conference of the Church, reported by F. W. Otterstrom.

then laboring, to the full extent of the ability with which I am endowed, to accomplish his purposes.

The Hymn, Come, Come, Ye Saints

Yesterday, or the day before, when I received a list of the songs that would be sung during this conference, I read them over without any particular thought as to their meaning or inspiration, but this morning while lying in bed thinking of this conference, I remembered that the first hymn that we were to sing here today, was "Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear." I concluded to make that my text for my opening remarks, and then speak as I might be led during the remainder of the time I should occupy. To me this is a wonderful hymn, and the circumstances under which it was written, as I have been informed, give it an additional interest to me. I understand that when the pioneers were about to start across the trackless wilderness, to go a thousand miles to a place they knew not where, a place that President Brigham Young had seen in vision, he said to Elder William Clayton, "William, go and write a hymn that the Saints may sing at their camp fires, that shall be an inspiration and an encouragement to them in their journey across the plains," and Brother Clayton withdrew and returned in a couple of hours with this great pioneer hymn that we have just sung. I was asked in Liverpool, by President Lyman, the day I arrived there to preside over the European mission, which of all the hymns was my favorite, and he said, "We will sing it tonight!" I told him I had none, that there were many of the hymns I loved dearly, but I had never selected any one as my special favorite. He said, "My favorite is 'School thy feelings, oh, my brother, Train thy warm impulsive soul:' President Snow's favorite was 'Zion stands with hills surrounded; * * * All her foes shall be confounded;' John Henry Smith's was, 'Up, awake, ye defenders of Zion;' President Wilford Woodruff's was, 'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform;' and President Lyman said that President Brigham Young's was "Oh, ye mountains high;" but I have since been told by one of his daughters that this is a mistake, that his favorite was Brother William Clayton's hymn, "When first the glorious light of truth, burst forth in this last age, how few there were with heart and soul, to obey it did engage." President Daniel H. Wells' favorite was "Oh, ye mountains high." I said, "Brother Lyman, you don't need to go any farther, I will pick mine inside of a minute. I will take, 'Come, come, ye saints,' as my favorite."

I believe that William Clayton was inspired of the Lord when he wrote this hymn, and also the other hymn that was President Young's favorite. It was a wonderful trip the Pioneers

were about to take. I can never think of it but I have admiration for the courage, the faith, and the will power of our fathers and our mothers who started out in the wilderness, not knowing where they were going, but singing:

Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,
But with joy wend your way.

I have talked with hundreds of those who crossed the plains and they had real joy and happiness in wending their way to this country.

Though hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.

Certainly God did give them grace as their day.

'Tis better far for us to strive,
Our useless cares from us to drive.
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—
All is well, all is well!

And not only was that good advice to people traveling across the plains, but it is good advice to each and to all of us every day of our lives. A cheerful, happy spirit, a spirit of serenity, is pleasing to our heavenly Father. The capacity and the ability to believe and accept the scripture that teaches us to acknowledge the hand of God in all things is pleasing to our heavenly Father.

Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard?
'Tis not so; all is right!
Why should we think to earn a great reward,
If we now shun the fight?

The trouble with a great many people is, they are not willing to *pay the price*; they are not willing to make the fight for success in the battle of life. They are much like the people of whom I read in Brother N. L. Nelson's book on preaching—which I happened to open one day, and I read about people taking literally the instructions to take no thought of what one should say; and Brother Nelson wrote that many of those who took no thought at all never said much, as they were going contrary to the teaching, that we were to prepare ourselves; and he says, regarding the people who take no thought, that when they speak they ought to say, "Oh, Lord, here I am. I have a mouth and a pair of lungs that I will loan thee for a brief season; fill me with wisdom that I may edify the people," which he seldom does.

Why should we think to earn a great reward,
If we now shun the fight?
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,
Our God will never us forsake;
And soon we'll have this tale to tell—
All is well! all is well!

This magnificent audience here, our beautiful temple, our Church office building, and the temples from Canada to Southern Utah, and in the Hawaiian Islands, bear witness to all the world that God has never forsaken his people.

We'll find the place which God for us prepared,
Far away in the West;
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid;
There the Saints will be blest.

I believe there is no true Latter-day Saint who does not believe that God did prepare this land for his people. Brigham Young stood on the hill, beyond Fort Douglas, and, looking over this valley, said: "This is the place." God had shown him this place in vision, before he ever came here. Men tried to persuade him to go to California, to that rich country, but this was the place which God had prepared, and we stopped here, and no mistake was made.

We'll make the air with music ring,
Shout praises to our God and King;
Above the rest these words we'll tell—
All is well! All is well!
And should we die before our journey's through,
Happy day! All is well!
We then are free from toil and sorrow too,
With the just we shall dwell.

What sublime faith!—that all is well; even should you die in the wilderness, and be buried in an unknown grave, so to speak; and yet that was their faith; and they could sing these words, night after night, with their hearts in what they sang. They were verily praying to the Lord. They had full faith in the revelation given to the wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith, wherein it is written: "The song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads." Also: "My soul delighteth in the song of the heart."

A Touching Incident of the Plains

And should we die before our journey's through,
Happy day! All is well!
We then are free from toil and sorrow too,
With the just we shall dwell.
But if our lives are spared again
To see the Saints their rest obtain,
O how we'll make this chorus swell—
All is well, all is well!

I remember upon one occasion, and I have often spoken of it,—I may have mentioned it here,—that my father-in-law, the late Oscar Winters, said: “Heber, I believe that the young people of Zion do not thoroughly appreciate what Brother Clayton’s hymn meant to us, as we sang it, night after night, crossing the plains; and I believe that choir leaders do not appreciate it, or they would not stop after singing only three verses. I have listened in vain,” as I remember it, he said, “for between twenty-five and thirty years, to hear the last verse of that song sung by a choir, and I have never heard it.”

We are beginning to sing it now, because in almost every stake of Zion I have asked the people and the leaders of choirs, that if they only wished to sing three verses, please not to do it when I was present—but to sing the other verse also.”

Brother Winters further said, “I want to tell you an incident that happened as I was coming to the valley. One of our company was delayed in coming to camp. We got some volunteers, and were about to go back and see if anything had happened,—if he had had trouble with Indians, or what was the matter,—when we saw him coming in the distance. When he arrived, we unyoked his cattle and helped him to get his supper. He had been quite sick and had to lie down by the road, a time or two. After supper he sat down on a large rock, by the camp fire, and sang the hymn, Come, come, ye Saints. It was the rule in the camp that whenever anybody started to sing that hymn, we would all join with him; but for some reason, no one joined with this brother. His voice was quite weak and feeble; and when he had finished, I glanced around, and I don’t believe there were any of the people sitting there whose eyes were tearless. He sang the hymn very beautifully, but with a weak and plaintive voice, and yet with the spirit and inspiration of the hymn. The next morning we discovered that he was not hitching up his oxen; we went to his wagon, and we found that he had died during the night! We dug a shallow grave and laid his body in it. We then thought of the stone on which he had been sitting the night before when he sang,—

And should we die before our journey’s through,
Happy day! All is well!
We then are free from toil and sorrow too,
With the just we shall dwell.

“We then rolled that stone over in place as a head-stone for his grave.”

I noticed tears in Brother Winter’s eyes. He started, as if he was about to tell me something more, but he hesitated and did not. I subsequently learned that after he had been in the

valley for some time he came from his home in the country to Salt Lake to meet his mother, only to learn that she, too, had died before her journey was through.

Along the "Mormon" Trail

Some years ago as the Burlington Railroad was building through Nebraska and Wyoming the engineers found a piece of wagon tire, sticking in the ground, on which was chiseled the word, "Winters." They wrote to Salt Lake City, telling of this discovery, and they returned several miles and kindly changed the line, of the road so as to miss that spot, knowing that it was the grave of some Utah pioneer. We have since erected, there, a little monument to the memory of Grandma Winters; and, on one side of that little monument, built of temple granite, we have had chiseled the words in the last verse of, "Come, come, ye Saints." Never can I hear this song sung, never can I read it, but my heart goes out in gratitude to my father and to my mother, and to thousands of those noble men and women who journeyed over the plains. Many of them, time and time again, crossed the plains to help others, enduring the hardships cheerfully, carrying out, in very deed, the teachings of this inspired hymn! I can never think of them but I am full of admiration and gratitude, and utter a prayer to the Lord to help me, as one of the descendants of that noble band, to be loyal, to be true, to be faithful as they were! In very deed, they were a band of men and women who, as the years come and go, will command greater and greater admiration and respect from the people of the world.

Reasons for the People's Coming

They came here, for what? Because of the burning and living testimony in their souls regarding the divine mission of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ. They came here because they had an abiding knowledge that God lives, that he hears and answers prayers, that Jesus is the Redeemer of the world, and that Joseph Smith is his prophet. God had given them that knowledge! When I think of this land today, and of the prosperity and peace that reign here, from Canada on the north to Arizona on the south, I indeed marvel and thank God. When I think that there is, perhaps, no other part of the United States more peaceful, more free from mob violence, and from those evils which disturb the serenity of people and cause them great unrest and anxiety, I am indeed grateful, and feel to bear witness to the inspiration, of William Clayton, under a direct appointment from Brigham Young, the prophet of the Lord, to

write a hymn that should so cheer the Saints. I acknowledge the inspiration expressed in the words that they would find the place that God had prepared far away in the West! When I think of the awful devastation that swept over the country, from which the Latter-day Saints were driven in Missouri and Illinois and other places during the Rebellion I am grateful that the Latter-day Saints escaped that awful state of affairs, and I feel to acknowledge the hand of the Lord. They came here for what? For the express purpose to serve God, to do right, as stated in the next hymn that we sang. I think this other hymn is worthy to be counted as a battle hymn:

Do what is right; the day-dawn is breaking,
Hailing a future of freedom and light;
Angels above us are silent notes taking
Of every action; do what is right!

Do what is right: the shackles are falling;
Chains of the bondsmen no longer are bright;
Lighten'd by hope, soon they'll cease to be galling;
Truth goeth onward: do what is right!

Do what is right; be faithful and fearless;
Onward, press onward, the goal is in sight;
Eyes that are wet now, ere long will be tearless:
Blessings await you in doing what's right.

Do what is right: let the consequence follow;
Battle for freedom in spirit and might;
And with stout hearts look ye forth till tomorrow,
God will protect you: do what is right!

That is what our fathers and mothers came here for. Our late beloved President Joseph F. Smith, from the time he was a child, ten years of age, when he crossed the plains, driving the team for his beloved mother, until the day of his death, labored seventy long years, in season and out of season, doing what was right, on all occasions, and under all circumstances. I asked him, one day, which was his favorite hymn, and he said he did not have any. I said, "Well, Brother Lyman told me I ought to have one. I wish you would select one." "Well," he said, "I think I would hardly care to, but perhaps I am partial to the hymn by that heroic little soul, Sister Emily Hill Woodmansee, entitled, "Uphold the Right:"

Uphold the right, tho' fierce the fight,
And pow'rful is the foe;
As freedom's friend, her cause defend,
Nor fear nor favor show.
No coward can be called a man—
No friend will friends betray;
Who would be free alert must be;
Indifference will not pay.

Note how they toil whose aim is spoil,
 Who plundering plots devise;
 Yet time will teach, that fools o'erreach
 The mark, and lose the prize.
 Can justice deign to wrong maintain,
 Whoever wills it so,
 Can honor mate with treach'rous hate?
 Can figs on thistles grow?

Dare to be true, and hopeful too;
 Be watchful, brave and shrewd;
 Weigh every act; be wise in fact,
 To serve the general good.
 Nor basely yield, nor quit the field—
 Important is the fray;
 Scorn to recede, there is no need
 To give our rights away.

Left-handed fraud let those applaud
 Who would by fraud prevail;
 In freedom's name contest their claim,
 Use no such word as fail;
 Honor we must each sacred trust,
 And right'ful zeal display;
 Our part fulfil, then, come what will,
 High heaven will clear the way.

Why We Are Under Obligations to Serve God

Certainly President Smith's life was an example of courage and willingness to do the right, without fear to announce himself on any proposition for the good of mankind.

As I think of the wonderful prosperity of the Latter-day Saints, of what they have accomplished, of what they are accomplishing, and of the respect that is being shown them today in comparison with the contempt that was shown to them years ago, I certainly feel to thank the Lord for all of his mercies and blessings to us, and to beg, entreat, and implore every Latter-day Saint to so order his or her life that they will in very deed do that which is right, let the consequence follow. With all the power that I possess, I would urge upon the Latter-day Saints the keeping of the commandments of the Lord. There is nothing truer than the statement that obedience is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. The man or the woman who obeys the commandments of the Lord grows and increases in light, in knowledge, in intelligence; and above all, they grow in the testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ. When I think of all that we have accomplished and of our being here in fulfillment of the prediction of Joseph Smith that the Latter-day Saints should come to these Rocky Mountains and become a great and a mighty people, I am reminded of the sufferings, the hardships, and the trials that the people underwent in their driv-

ings and expulsions from Missouri and Illinois, and I feel to say, truly God has preserved and blessed us in this land, and we are under obligations to him to serve him, so that those who know not the truth, may see the honesty, the integrity, the devotion of our lives, that these may inspire them to investigate the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We are told in a revelation from the Lord that we should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and that we should bring to pass much righteousness of our own free will and choice, for we are agents unto ourselves; and wherein we do good, we shall in no wise lose our reward. I am always thankful when I read in the Doctrine and Covenants that there is a law irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of the world, upon which all blessings are predicated, and that when we obtain any blessing it is by obedience to the law upon which it is predicated. When I go into a house to administer to those who are afflicted, if I know that they have observed what is known as the Word of Wisdom, if I know they have fulfilled the law whereby they are entitled to the blessings of the Lord, I can administer to people of that kind with faith, knowing that if it is not the will of the Lord for them to pass away, he will hear and answer the prayer of faith and they will be restored.

God's Answer to a Prayer of Joseph the Prophet

When I stop to think of the condition our people was in years ago and that some of the great and important revelations that have come to this Church, came to us from prison cells—today I say what a wonderful contrast! Certainly God has been good to this people. I think one of the greatest of all the revelations that we have is the one that came to us in answer to a prayer from the Prophet Joseph Smith when he was in Liberty Jail, in Clay county, Missouri, on the 20th day of March, 1839. He prayed to the Lord:

“O God! where art thou? And where is the pavilion that covereth thy hiding place? How long shall thy hand be stayed, and thine eye, yea thy pure eye, behold from the eternal heavens, the wrongs of thy people, and of thy servants, and thine ear be penetrated with their cries?” etc.

In answer to this, the Lord states, among other important items:

“How long can rolling waters remain impure? What power shall stay the heavens? As well might man stretch forth his puny arm to stop the Missouri river in its decreed course, or to turn it up stream, as to hinder the Almighty from pouring down knowledge from heaven, upon the heads of the Latter-day Saints.

"Behold, there are many called, but few are chosen. And why are they not chosen?"

"Because their hearts are set so much upon the things of this world, and aspire to the honors of men, that they do not learn this one lesson—

"That the rights of the Priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness.

"That they may be conferred upon us, it is true; but when we undertake to cover our sins, or to gratify our pride, our vain ambition, or to exercise control, or dominion or compulsion, upon the souls of the children of men, in any degree of unrighteousness, behold, the heavens withdraw themselves; the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, Amen to the Priesthood, or the authority of that man.

"Behold ere he is aware, he is left unto himself, to kick against the pricks; to persecute the saints, and to fight against God.

"We have learned, by sad experience, that it is the nature and disposition of almost all men, as soon as they get a little authority, as they suppose, they will immediately begin to exercise unrighteous dominion.

"Hence many are called, but few are chosen.

"No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the Priesthood, only by persuasion, by long suffering, by gentleness, and meekness, and by love unfeigned;

"By kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile,

"Reproving betimes with sharpness, when moved upon by the Holy Ghost, and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy.

"That he may know that thy faithfulness is stronger than the cords of death;

"Let thy bowels also be full of charity towards all men, and to the household of faith, and let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly, then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God, and the doctrine of the Priesthood shall distil upon thy soul as the dews from heaven.

"The Holy Ghost shall be thy constant companion, and thy sceptre an unchanging sceptre of righteousness and truth, and thy dominion shall be an everlasting dominion, and without compulsory means it shall flow unto thee for ever and ever."

Placing the Prophet in a jail did not stop communication between God, our heavenly Father, and his chosen instrument here upon the earth. One of the greatest of all the great lessons that has come to us who hold the Priesthood, was given while he was in jail,—“No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the Priesthood, only by persuasion, by long suffering, by gentleness, and meekness, and by love unfeigned; by kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy,” and so on. The Lord being my helper, standing at the head of this great Church, I shall endeavor to exercise the Priesthood that I hold, in conformity with this revelation from the living God to the Prophet

of the Lord who was used as his instrument in founding the Church of Christ again upon the earth.

Gratitude to God

I thank the Lord for all his manifold blessings to us as a people. The Saints are prosperous, they are in good health now. We are meeting with blessings on all hands. I rejoice in this and feel grateful to the Lord. I pray that while we are together that we may be abundantly blessed by those that shall speak to us.

Position on the Question of the League of Nations

I did think of making some remarks similar to those I made here two weeks ago today, but I believe that I will do as the congressmen do. Instead of referring to my position upon the League of Nations and other matters, as I did two weeks ago, I will simply have printed in the conference proceedings the sermon that I then delivered, and you can read it at your leisure. It was printed in the *Deseret News*, I believe, a week ago last Tuesday. I will not take the time to repeat what I said. I read there a manifesto sent to the Senate of the United States begging them to pass the Peace Treaty, and I will simply have my sermon incorporated in our conference proceedings so that any of the Saints who want to read it can do so, and I will ask Brother Edward H. Anderson, the editor of the *Era*, also to print my sermon in the *Era*, so that those of you who take that magazine will have the privilege of reading it. If there is any home in all the Church that does not have the *Era*, it simply shows that the people there are lacking in faith, that they think more of two dollars than they do of getting communications from the authorities of the Church, and important sermons, which are of more value than the things of this world. You know there are a great many people who hold up copper cents in front of their eyes and hide dollars, and there are a great many who keep two dollars in their pockets and hide hundreds of dollars of inspiration and knowledge of great value to them through all time, and which would be of value to them in the great eternity to come.

Uphold the Law

As Latter-day Saints we have what is known as The Articles of Faith, and one of them reads: "We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying,

honoring, and sustaining the law," and no Latter-day Saint can in very deed be a Latter-day Saint if he does not honor and sustain and uphold the law. Nearly all over the world, at the present time there is a spirit of lawlessness, a spirit of ridicule, and one lacking respect for the men who hold positions.

One of the most terrible crimes that I have read of in years was enacted in Omaha, a few days ago, where a mob of citizens, because the policemen were trying to fulfil their duty as sworn servants of the law—had the officers in a building that was burning and said: "Let them burn," Let them burn—why? Because they would not deliver a prisoner to the mob, but kept that prisoner so that he could have a fair trial under the law.

When I was in Los Angeles a short time ago, they were selling whiskey all over the city, and I was told that the officials of the city said, "You can sell it if you want to, we do not object, but you will have to take your chances with Uncle Sam." What kind of public servants are they? Elected to enforce laws, they defy the laws of their own country, and allow people to sell whiskey and to break the law! No wonder mob violence comes, when some of the leaders themselves break the law. No wonder they had this great war in Europe when the leaders of nations broke treaties and treated them as scraps of paper! No man can do that which is dishonest, or break laws of his country and be a true Latter-day Saint. No nation and no leaders of nations can do wrong, and break their obligations, but what they are just as much under condemnation before God and man as the other individual who does wrong. Truth will prevail. "Uphold the right, though fierce the fight," should be the motto of every Latter-day Saint, as it was the motto of our beloved leader who recently passed away.

On Labor Unions

I want to say that I am perfectly willing that men shall join labor unions, that they shall band together for the purpose of protecting their rights, provided they do not interfere with the rights of other people. Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness belong to all people in these United States according to the laws of our country, and should, upon all the face of the earth, and I say that, to my mind, a provision in a labor union is all wrong that favors boycotting and the laying down of tools or the quitting of employment because a non-union man obtains employment while exercising his God-given right to stay out of a union. Men who have that kind of a rule have a

rule that is in direct opposition to the laws of God. There was a battle fought in heaven—for what? To give to man his individual liberty. An attempt to take the agency of man away is made when he does not see fit to join a union, when men in that union, without any complaint, or grievance, strike, because a non-union man is employed.

Now, I'd better not say any more perhaps on this question, or I may offend somebody. I may hurt somebody's feelings; but it is the God-given right of men to earn their livelihood. The Savior said it was the first great law or commandment to love the Lord with all our hearts, and that the second was like unto it, to love thy neighbor as thyself. That is the doctrine for every true Latter-day Saint. How much love is there in starving your neighbor because he will not surrender his manhood and his individuality and allow a labor union to direct his labor? Mighty little love, mighty little of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ in any such a rule! I hope to see the day when no Latter-day Saint will join a union unless the union eliminate that clause from their rules. I am not going to ask them to leave their union, I am not going to lay it down that they must, that it is the mind and the will of the Lord for them to leave a union. I want, as I said here two weeks ago, to give every man his free agency, to give every man the right to act as he thinks proper, but I cannot see how a Latter-day Saint who is a member of such a union can get down on his knees and pray for God to inspire and bless him, to bless the Saints and to protect them, and then be a party to allowing one of his own brethren to go year after year without employment, because that brother will not surrender his manhood and join a union with him. There is none of the spirit of the Lord in that, to my mind. That is exactly the way I see it. I will quote again what I quoted here two weeks ago:

Should you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,
If that has not failings too.

Let not friendly vows be broken;
Rather strive a friend to gain;
Many a word in anger spoken
Finds its passage home again.

Do not then in idle pleasure
Trifle with a brother's fame,
Guard it as a valued treasure,
Sacred as your own good name.

Do not form opinions blindly;
 Hastiness to trouble tends.
 Those of whom we thought unkindly
 Oft become our warmest friends.

Also this poem:

Let each man learn to know himself;
 To gain that knowledge, let him labor,
 Improve those failings in himself,
 Which he condemned so in his neighbor.
 How lenient our own faults we view,
 And conscience' voice adeptly smother;
 But oh! how harshly we review
 The self-same errors in another.

And if you meet an erring one,
 Whose deeds are blameable or thoughtless,
 Consider, ere you cast the stone,
 If you yourself be pure and faultless.
 Oh! list to that small voice within,
 Whose whisperings oft make men confounded,
 And trumpet not another's sin,
 You'd blush deep if your own were sounded.

And in self-judgment, if you find
 Your deeds to others are superior;
 To you has Providence been kind,
 As you should be to those inferior;
 Example sheds a genial ray
 Of light, which men are apt to borrow;
 So first, improve yourself today,
 And then improve your friends tomorrow.

Closing Testimony

I thank the Lord that I am able to bear witness to you here today that I know that God lives, that he hears and answers our prayers; that I know that Jesus is the Christ, the Redeemer of the world, the savior of mankind. I bear my witness to you here today that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and the living God, that he was the instrument in the hands of God of establishing again upon the earth the plan of life and salvation, not only for the living but for the dead, and that this gospel, commonly called "Mormonism," by the people of the world, is in very deed the plan of life and salvation, the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, that the little stone has been cut out of the mountain, and that it shall roll forth until it fills the whole earth. We believe in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; we believe in the literal gathering of Israel, and we believe that Zion shall be built upon this, the American continent, and that Christ shall reign personally upon the earth. May God help

us who have a testimony of the gospel to so live that if we are upon the earth when he comes to reign, we will be worthy to be welcomed by him; and if we go beyond before he comes to reign, that we shall receive the plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord," is my prayer, and I ask it in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Forgive

An angel-token blessed my way,
A guiding light to give;
In pleading tones I heard it say,
"O wounded one, forgive!"

I listened, and it came again,
So pure, so gently clear,
My heart was softened to its strain
And quickened to a tear.

I left the dull and sullen gloom,
To bow in humble prayer,
And rising, saw the vale abloom
With flowers everywhere!

O angel-love, thy voice I know,
My heart, how free, how light,
Sweet help, that lifted all my woe
And made the world so bright!

—Minnie Iverson Hodapp.



A Dream that was a Reality

By President Joseph F. Smith

Speaking of dreams, President Smith recorded this testimony on April 7, 1918, of a dream which he had received—a dream given to teach him courage, show him his duty, and impress upon his mind a great truth. He says:

I was very much oppressed, once, on a mission. I was almost naked and entirely friendless, except the friendship of a poor, benighted, degraded people. I felt as if I was so abased in my condition of poverty, lack of intelligence and knowledge, just a boy, that I hardly dared look a white man in the face.

While in that condition I dreamed that I was on a journey, and I was impressed that I ought to hurry, hurry with all my might, for fear I might be too late. I rushed on my way as fast as I possibly could, and I was only conscious of having just a little bundle, a handkerchief with a small bundle wrapped in it. I did not realize just what it was, when I was hurrying as fast as I could; but finally I came to a wonderful mansion, if it could be called a mansion. It seemed too large, too great to have been made by hands, but I thought I knew that was my destination. As I passed towards it, as fast as I could, I saw a notice, "Bath." I turned aside quickly and went into the bath and washed myself clean. I opened up this little bundle that I had, and there was a pair of white, clean garments, a thing I had not seen for a long time, because the people I was with did not think very much of making things exceedingly clean. But my garments were clean, and I put them on. Then I rushed to what appeared to be a great opening, or door. I knocked and the door opened, and the man who stood there was the Prophet Joseph Smith. He looked at me a little reprovingly, and the first word he said: "Joseph, you are late." Yet I took confidence and said: "Yes, but I am clean—I am clean!"

He clasped my hand and drew me in, then closed the great door. I felt his hand just as tangible as I have felt the hand of man. I knew him, and when I entered I saw my father, and Brigham, and Heber, and Willard, and other good men that I had known, standing in a row. I looked as if it were across this valley, and it seemed to be filled with a vast multitude of people, but on the stage were all the people that I had known. My mother was there, and she sat with a child

in her lap; and I could name over as many as I remember of their names, who sat there, who seemed to be among the chosen, among the exalted.

The Prophet said to me, "Joseph," then pointing to my mother, he said: "Bring me that child."

"I went to my mother and picked up the child, and thought it was a fine, baby boy. I carried it to the Prophet, and as I handed it to him I purposely thrust my hands up against his breast. I felt the warmth;— I was alone on a mat, away up in the mountains of Hawaii; no one was with me. But in this vision I pressed my hand up against the Prophet and I saw a smile cross his countenance. I handed him the child and stepped back. President Young stepped around two steps, my father one step, and they formed a triangle. Then Joseph blessed that baby, and when he finished blessing it they stepped back in line; that is, Brigham and father stepped back in line. Joseph handed me the baby, wanted me to come and take the baby again; and this time I was determined to test whether this was a dream or a reality. I wanted to know what it meant. So I purposely thrust myself up against the Prophet. I felt the warmth of his stomach. He smiled at me, as if he comprehended my purpose. He delivered the child to me and I returned it to my mother; laid it on her lap.

When I awoke that morning I was a man, although only a boy. There was not anything in the world that I feared. I could meet any man or woman or child and look them in the face, feeling in my soul that I was a man every whit. That vision, that manifestation and witness that I enjoyed at that time has made me what I am, if I am anything that is good, or clean, or upright before the Lord, if there is anything good in me. That has helped me out in every trial and through every difficulty. I felt the hand of Joseph Smith. I saw the smile upon his face. I did my duty as he required me to do it, and when I woke up I felt as if I had been lifted out of a slum, out of despair, out of the wretched condition that I was in; and naked as I was, or as nearly as I was, I was not afraid of any white man nor of anyone else, and I have not been very much afraid of anybody else since that time. I know that that was a reality, to show me my duty, to teach me something, and to impress upon me something that I cannot forget.

Reaching the Souls of Men*

Elder David O. McKay, of the Council of the Twelve

It is, indeed, an inspiration to behold this excellent gathering this morning. I wish to commend the large attendance of priesthood. It is a source of strength in this Church to have such a body of men holding the holy Priesthood scattered throughout the congregation.

"And he gave some, apostles, and some prophets; and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ: that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive; but speaking the truth in love, may grow up unto him in all things which is the head, even Christ." Ephesians 4:11-15.

I have referred to the presence of the priesthood, and associated with these quorums are large representative bodies of men and women engaged as auxiliary workers. Members of these two groups of workers in the Church will include from 60 to 80 percent of those who constitute this congregation, this morning. There is a responsibility resting upon each for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, and that work is to continue until we all come in the unity of the faith unto the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, even unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

I am inclined to think, however, that much of this work, both of quorums and auxilliary organizations, is confined largely among the better and more earnest members of the Church.

We are prone to do our duty, as many men and women do their work, along the lines of least resistance. Our influence is felt most strongly among those who need it least. I may be over-stating this. If I am, I am doing so, simply to make a point; and yet my observation leads me to believe that what I say is very nearly a fact. Quorum officers, for example, are wielding their influence, and the need of their quorums is felt,

*Remarks at the Granite stake Conference, Sunday morning, August 31, 1919, reported by John M. Whitaker.

among the most active members of the quorum. Officers of the auxiliary associations are centering their efforts individually, and as organizations, upon those men and women, boys and girls, who attend most earnestly and regularly to their religious duties; and little effort is given to the indifferent, and the least attention, to those not of us.

I was led to think most earnestly upon this matter when I heard, only a few days ago of a young man not a member of the Church who has been in Utah for nearly twenty years, and who had just met a young high councilman of my acquaintance. Although he was with the high councilman only a short time he said he had learned more about the "Mormon" religion than he had heard during his whole former stay in Utah.

"Why is it," he asked, "that we do not hear more of this from you men with whom we associate in daily vocation?"

"Well," said the high councilman, "our meeting houses are open, always free, we invite everybody to come to our meetings, and why have you not availed yourself of this opportunity?"

Said he, "I have attended my own church, and consequently did not know you men believed in the doctrines you have explained to me."

The high councilman who spoke to that non-member is a natural missionary. He does not bore his hearers with his religion; but he proposes it, invites attention to it, and never does he fail to take advantage of the opportunity to tell his companions what the Church offers to humanity, by way of temporal salvation here, and eternal salvation as well.

I was delighted, later, only yesterday, to learn that this non-member had asked for several more interviews, with a view to joining the Church.

How many such men might be reached, if we, as elders, on whom responsibility to preach the truth rests, would but sense that responsibility? It is ours to teach the truth in plainness, in season and out of season, bearing testimony, not only by words but by our actions.

I would ask, too, if we reach, as well, another set of men and women who come half-way between the regular meeting-goers, who are honest and faithful in the Church, and the non-member. I refer now to that indifferent boy and girl in the Church—and there are all too many of them today, towards whom no gentle hand is outstretched to lead them into ways more fruitful to happiness than the paths in which they now tread. I know of no class of workers in the Church who reach these boys and girls so effectively and so directly as the men and boys to whom has been assigned the duty of ward teacher.

We urge in auxiliary associations that the teachers reach out for the indifferent boy and the indifferent girl. The Mutual Improvement workers are striving to enroll the unenrolled, likewise are the Sunday School, Primary, and Religion class workers; but there is not much individual work being done, because it is natural when we see a boy indifferent, one who will answer our inquiry with indifference to leave him alone and say, "Well, you go your own way, if you will not listen to me."

Day before yesterday, I entered a wagon shop, and said to a brother who had just taken a cigar out of his mouth.

"I have noticed, lately, that you are getting very fond of cigars."

"Yes, sir," said he, "and I pay for them with my own money."

He became quite haughty and rather resented my suggestion. We frequently will meet that attitude, and we may think it seems all right to say, "You go your way, and I will go mine," but is it? A Mutual Improvement worker may speak to an indifferent girl about her weakness, and the young girl will toss her head and walk away rather resentfully to think the mutual worker should approach her in any such way whatever. But the very fact that interest was taken, the fact that the attention of the indifferent was called to her weakness, will leave seed which in the future will bear good fruit. It is better for him or her to feel that you are interested than to have them think you have no care for them.

I shall never forget an answer which a man made at the organization of one of our wards, not many miles from where we are meeting today. A branch had been made a ward, the new bishopric had announced in the afternoon meeting that following the sacrament service, a special meeting would be called for the purpose of considering ways and means of erecting a house of worship. The meeting was held, committees were appointed, and the next morning the new bishop, meeting a man who had been absent from the business meeting, greeted him and said:

"We held a meeting yesterday, appointed committees with a view of erecting a meetinghouse. I am sorry you weren't there; we missed you."

The man turned to the bishop and said: "That is the first time I have been missed in fifteen years."

He became a member of the building committee and was one of the best workers.

It is not a good thing to let these people feel that they are not missed. They are missed, too many of them, today, are missed from our places of meeting, and are found in organiza-

tions, the influence of which is not conducive to the instilling of the testimony of the truths of the everlasting gospel.

Never before in the history of the Church were there so many insidious influences at work among our people as to-day. Never before have dangers been so threatening to our youth. I am not a pessimist, neither am I one of those who say our young people are worse now than they used to be; I don't believe they are. I have as much confidence in our boys and girls today as you fathers and mothers had in your sons, twenty years ago. Most of the boys of today are just as earnest, they think just as much of their religion in general, and just as much of the truth, as boys did twenty years ago. But there are conditions that are worse than they were twenty years ago. There are more threatening influences enticing our boys and girls from paths of duty, than there were twenty years ago; all of which is evident, without further explanation. It is true some of the boys think that the standard of morality has changed. A young man of seventeen said the other day to his mother who had cautioned him about his company, etc.:

"Well, mother, the standards of morals have changed, they are different from what they were ten years ago."

The standard of morals of the Latter-day Saint boy and girl will never change, must never change. Standards of the outside may change, may be lowered, and that influence may penetrate our social organizations but our standards must be maintained; our boys and girls should be made acquainted with our standards. On whom rests this responsibility, my brethren and sisters? Upon us all. Let each one constitute himself, today, a missionary, and sometime during the next week reach out that influence to some boy who is indifferent: go beyond that, say one good word by way of testimony to some man, some non-member who does not know the truth, who does not know this people, some one who, perchance, has been residing here for many years; and good fruit will result from it.

Applications are made for baptism by those who are already residing here, and I think they are better in many ways than applications of those made ten thousand miles away, to reach whom we spend hundreds and thousands of dollars annually.

Brethren and sisters, the gospel is to be preached to all the world as a witness. Let us not forget our own, those who are in our midst. Let us preach, by voice, as well as by act and example, and if we can reach them all, well and good; and if we are not permitted to do it, we can at least approach the purpose by our acts. The time has come when the Latter-day Saints must cling to the Church organization, as the best and safest organization in all the world. No other group of men, no other organizations, in the world, can offer you the safety, the

happiness, and the security that are offered to you in your quorums and auxiliary associations. Let us stand united, remembering that God has placed His organizations here for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, and that ministry includes everybody.

You ward teachers should not pass a house simply because therein is a non-member of the Church. You can, at least, ask permission to visit him, or leave a tract there. You are not teaching, and should not teach or visit, only to make a hundred per cent report to your bishop, but you should teach with a view to reach the souls of men, our boys and girls, as well as those who are older, and non-members.

Love the work, do your best, then leave the conversion to the workings of the Spirit of the Lord; and know this, that when you have done your duty, the peace and satisfaction that come will more than compensate for any rebuff, resentment, or opposition, that might be manifest. You young teachers may come home and feel that your labor has been in vain. A young teacher said not long ago, "Do we need to go back to the house where the man uses tobacco, and says he is going to continue to use it, and his wife favors him in using it?" "Yes; go back again and again, you do your duty, and leave the rest to the Lord."

In conclusion, brethren and sisters, may I quote these lines which seem to be pertinent:

Who does his task from day to day,
And meets whatever comes his way,
Believing God has willed it so,
Has found true greatness here below;
Who guards his post no matter where,
Believing God must need him there,
Although but lowly toil it be
Has risen to nobility.
For great and low there's but one test.
'Tis that each one shall do his best,
Who works with all the strength he can,
Shall never die in debt to man.

May God's blessings be with us, and may we have a rich outpouring of his Spirit that we may feel the need, more than ever before, of loyalty, devotion, purity, and have the determination, and feel the responsibility of testifying to the world that God lives, that he is our Father, that he has spoken in this our day, that he has placed man here on earth with authority, and an organization complete in itself, for the benefit and salvation of the human family; and may we feel, as never before, the responsibility, power, and need, of reaching the non-members, and especially the indifferent boy and girl, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Sunflower

By Fredrika Borchard

It is a funny thing the way a youngster—especially a girl youngster—can take a little common place every-day sort of thing and make it epitomize life. Norreen could. In fact, she did. She took a flower, a common, uncultivated, back-yard flower, and when the time came—but that's my story.

A dozen years ago, Norreen—she was Norah then, a pig-tailed, snubnosed, freckled-faced little rowdy, with all of an old man's heart held tight in her grimy little fists—well, a dozen years ago Norah came home from school in a remarkable state of mind. From the dining room window I watched her parade slowly and sedately up the walk, with a silly, mincing little step.

Straight across the back porch she came, without even a glance at the ice box, nor the cantaloupe crate, the first of the season, beside it. Yet she wasn't sick. I knew that by her glowing cheeks and high-held head. So I drew my chair before the grate and waited.

Half an hour passed, and then the door opened softly and Norah—a Sunday Norah—floated gently in. She wore her best dress, and her hair was curled and tied with a big, blue bow, and she had on her newest, shiniest shoes; they squeaked a little and marred the solemnity of her entrance, but Norah was impervious to such a purely material thing as squeaks.

"Good afternoon, grandfather."

She spoke as from a great height to one in the most abysmal depths, and from the depths I answered up:

"Hello! Nice, large day, eh? Why the glad rags?"

I had no idea that the Sunday clothes had transformed the whole Norah, but they had. She was living up to them.

"Yes, grandfather; it is indeed a pleasant day. You are feeling quite well, I trust?"

So I played up.

"Quite well, my dear, quite well. And this, I judge, is something of a festive occasion?"

Then Norah whispered the great secret.

"Grandfather, I am a flower."

I nodded gravely.

"Just so, my dear, a flower. What kind of a flower, if one may ask?"

"I can't tell you grandpa. You'll have to find that out."

"All right. But suppose you explain."

So Norah, perched on the arm of my chair, told me all about it. There had been a visiting teacher at school that day, a man; a young man fresh from college, I took it, and he had told the children that every human being had his or her counterpart in the animal, or floral, world.

"For instance?" I prompted.

Norah was looking into the flames.

"Well, there's Lyn Mason. He's the lion, I guess. Everybody likes Lyn and does just what he says, and he bosses an awful lot, but he wouldn't do anything that was mean. And he's the most important boy in school. Yes, I guess he's the lion. And I guess Tom Cridd is the skunk. He is sort of nasty, and nice folks do not want him 'round. That is the way it is with the boys. And the girls are flowers."

"What kind are you?" I asked again.

"I don't know, grandpa. You cannot tell about yourself. Other folks have to find it out. Mamie Simms is a violet. Sort of little and sweet, and kind of scared and bashful all the time. Wish I knew what kind I was. You think, won't you, hard?"

"All right, honey, grandpa is thinking."

For a few minutes the room was very quiet, and then the soft little body leaning against me, stiffened and Norah sat upright.

"Helen Shoal is a weed," she announced with conviction. "She's always pushing herself where she's not wanted, and crowding other folks out. She's a weed."

Again a little silence, and then a whistle sounded, loud and shrill, in the yard below. Norah sprang from the chair.

"That's Lyn," she said, and flashed from the room.

"Little wild rose," I called after her, and wondered if she heard.

Passed half a second. "Bye," she shouted, and the front door slammed.

And I, looking deep into the flames, thought of her mother and her grandmother who had left me so many years before, and knew that it was not the wild rose quality that made the child so dear.

"Heartsease, little heartsease," I whispered, and stroked the warm arm where she had sat.

Somehow that flower idea clung to us. Even after Norah had grown to be Norreen, and the freckles had vanished as definitely as the pigtail, we played the game. Played it lightly and smilingly, as grownups always play. And all the time we felt that, fundamentally, the game was true.

"What am I?" Norreen would ask and laugh a little, so that I wouldn't think she was in earnest.

"A cornflower," I would tell her, "true blue, and growing in the open."

And so we would go down the list, but never of garden flowers, only of those that grew in the fields. They were her kind.

And then, almost over night it seemed, Norreen grew to be a woman. My little girl was at her first ball. I was there, too, for in Winona the old are not neatly labelled and put on shelves. Instead, they watch youth grow.

And so I watched that night. I watched and grew sinfully proud, as Norreen, in her pretty frock, danced by. For of all the girls in that crowded hall,—and they were beauties, some of them—my own little girl, who was never beautiful, shone the finest. There was a quality about her, a sense of fineness that seemed to place her apart. It was a thing you could feel. Lyn Mason, just returned from college, an engineer and one of the big, young men of Winona now, felt it, too, and he was used to city girls.

And this was little Norah of the braided hair and freckled face. My little field flower was gone, and in its place there was a hot house bloom.

"The game is ended," I told her late that night. "The little girl has grown up and the flower is in full bloom. It is a very lovely flower, to have blossomed in an old man's home."

"What is the flower?" she asked me, and her eyes were wet.

"The orchid, my dear, the most prized of them all."

"And are you satisfied?"

"I am content," I answered, and drew her to me.

In the days that followed, the rich, rare bloom of her was a source of constant wonder to me. She seemed different to other girls.

For one thing, she was less boisterous. And she dressed differently and even walked differently, and her voice had a distinctive timbre.

But she was not happy. I did not know it, but I felt it. Certainly she did not show it. And so, manlike, I groped for the obvious.

Then one Sunday evening, I found it, quite by chance. It was just before dusk, and there was quite a crowd of boys and girls on the front stoop, Mamie Simms and Evelyn Javin and Tom Cridd and the two Townes boys and a couple of others. Just as I came out, Tom was giving a burlesque of the new pastor pronouncing benediction. The moment he saw me, he stopped short and began talking about the pink lights in the sunset. I

never could abide that boy. He had not the courage to stand by his own nastiness. If I could have been his father for one week!

Well, anyhow, Norreen came over and straightened out my tie for about the eighth time that day. And just at that minute Lyn Mason and Helen Shoals passed by. They called out some greeting, and were answered by a laughing chorus from our steps. And suddenly I fancied Norreen's hands felt cold against my neck. I looked at her, but she was smiling at Fred Townes and I was not certain.

Later, however, when she came to kiss me goodnight, I slipped an arm about her.

"Happy, little orchid?" I asked, and for the first time in all the years I had known her, Norreen showed bitterness.

"I am not an orchid, dear," she said. "Orchids are valued and sought after and yearned for, and I am"—she hesitated a moment, and then laughed unsteadily. "I am a thistle, I guess."

"Tell me about it, honey," I invited, and for a moment I thought she was going to. Then she changed her mind.

"Guess I am growing a grouch," she said, just as the old Norah used to when things went wrong.

Then she rumbled my hair and went up to bed.

I watched Lyn Mason and Helen Shoals closely after that. There was no doubt about Lyn; he was quite the nicest boy in Winona. A trifle immature, perhaps, a bit unformed, but steady and manly and handsomer than a man has any right to be, possessed of the something that endears a man to any girl, be she like Helen Shoals or my own Norreen.

Then, too, there was his profession. Winona was full of clerks and lawyers and bookkeepers and young doctors and a young pastor, but Lyn was our only engineer. He was building the bridge just north of the town. The combination was too strong.

As for the Shoals girl—well, that was different. She was pretty—prettier even than Norreen—and she dressed well and used her eyes, and had a voice. She really could sing. But there was something about her. I could not explain it, but I could feel it, especially if she were near Norreen. It was a sort of self-seekingness, a something that was cheap.

After I found out about it, I felt better about Lyn. I had gone to school with his grandfather and I knew the stuff that was in the boy. No one of Sam Mason's flesh and blood would want what was not real.

I was right about it. Gradually the two of them just naturally drifted apart. They never had had anything in common, really.

We saw a lot of Lyn at that time. He used to drop in for Sunday suppers and take Norreen to places and beat her at tennis and tell her his plans. He even had a favorite rocker on the porch.

I began to be afraid that his chumminess would prove lasting. But after awhile things got better. He began to notice Norreen's dresses and the way her hair waved in the back. Then he took to sending her roses, and candy in big ribbon-tied boxes; and instead of playing tennis, they would go rowing on the lake.

I knew it would happen soon. I wanted it, too, of course, and yet, well, Norreen was all I had. But, anyhow, I wanted it to happen. I was waiting for it and still when it did, it seemed sudden.

The bridge was finished. Lyn expected to go east on some business or other, and he and Norreen were talking it over on the front porch.

I was in the dining room, reading, and I must have fallen asleep. At any rate, I did not know that they had come in until Norreen spoke my name. I turned then, and saw them. They were standing close together and Norreen's hair was all ruffled, and there were tears on her cheeks and she was smiling; they both were, and Lyn's arm was about her.

He was the first to speak.

"I want to tell you, sir,—to ask you—that is—I—we—Norreen and I—we—" he stopped then, and looked at Norreen.

"It is all right, my boy," I told him, and wondered if that thin, quavery, old voice was mine. The next minute Norreen was kneeling on the floor beside me, and my arms were about her, and she was crying a little, and so was I.

After that, Lyn was on the arm of my chair, the three of us were close together. We talked about the years that were to come, and the little home that Lyn would build, and the garden, and then—I don't know how it happened. I declared that I wouldn't hear of it,—I thought I out-shouted them both, and yet, before I went to bed they'd arranged for me to live with them.

At the door I turned for my last stand. "I won't," I told them: "Your home is big enough for two. I will come to see you often,—every day—but you two will live your lives alone."

Norreen gazed past me, just as if I were not there. "I think," she said slowly, "I will have dotted Swiss curtains in grandpa's room. They launder so nicely."

And Lyn, his eyes upon her, answered, "I think I would, dear, and an open fireplace."

So I climbed the stairs, a happy old man with a mist before his eyes.

I did not sleep much that night, and I was up early, but Norreen was up before me. I found her in the garden, and she came to me at once, and linked her arm in mine. I felt a new meaning in her kiss that morning; a new meaning and a new promise. There was so much I could have said then, but the words would not come, so I only tightened my arm about her and called her by the name she had won a year ago.

"Little Orchid. Grandpa's little Orchid."

"I am not an orchid," she answered, just as she had done months ago; only she was happy now.

"Not an orchid?" I asked, and laughed. "Why, do you not remember, 'an orchid is valued and sought after and yearned for?' I am quoting you, honey, and now you're all those things."

Then, in a flash, her smile was gone, and I caught a glimpse of Norreen, the woman.

"I have grown since then," she said; "I thought that was what I wanted, but oh, grandpa, that is not all of love. Look! I want to show you something," and she moved away from me, past the pansy bed and the border of violets, past the roses and the lillies, to the corner of the fence where the one flower that was not a garden flower grew. The sunflower! "See, grandpa, how it has raised its face to the sun. That is what living means to the sunflower, grandpa, the right to love. And that is what Lyn means to me."

She had forgotten me by then, I think, but I watched her as she touched the flower, gently, and the face she turned towards it was rapt, like a face in church.

"We have our sungods, you and I," she said, "and whether they rise or whether they set, so long as we live we will follow them."

I stole away then, unnoticed, and left her there alone. My little girl was making her wedding vow.

For a few weeks we were very happy. Not just quietly, peacefully happy, but violently, excitedly happy. Too happy, I think, and then it happened.

Even now, I wake up in the night, sometimes, clutching the sheets and living it all again; the flying feet and startled faces, Norreen white and drawn, and suffering, and Lyn, with his eyes of agony and suddenly shrunken frame. Sam Mason's boy, grown old and broken before my eyes.

It was just six o'clock and the men from the factory over on Ovay street were going home from work. I stood at the front gate watching them, and envying them a bit, too, great husky men with their lives before them.

Then, while I stood there, a man came running from up

Culver way. He was shouting as he ran. "The bridge," he kept calling; "the bridge, it is down!"

In a moment the whole street was changed. It was full of men and women running, shouting and asking questions. I caught words here and there, not many, but enough.

And then I remembered Norreen, sitting upstairs in the little back room, sewing on her wedding things. But there was nothing I could do, so I closed the doors, hoping she would not hear. And then I went back to the gate and waited.

After awhile a man came up from the river and I called to him. He did not even wait for me to ask what had happened, but plunged right in.

"It was awful," he said. "The first thing I heard was a funny cracking sound and a scream, and then a splash. My, what a splash! Then I ran, and so did everybody else, and when we got there, there was the bridge with a big space knocked away and heads bobbing in the river. And some were screaming. Then, everybody did what they could, and some of the boys are down there now. I'm going back myself after a while, but you can't do nothing now."

"Was anybody—" my voice sounded like a shout. I lowered it and moved closer—"was anybody—hurt?"

He looked at me, "Sure, what do you think? A great slice of bridge dropped away with people on it. What do you expect?"

I tried again. "Was anybody—killed?"

"Old man Baines. A couple of folks saw him go. Must have struck his head, or something, but he went straight down, and another man. We don't know who he is, yet. He was driving a coal cart and he must have got caught in the reins. Both the horses kicked free. A couple of other fellows went down, but we got them out all right. Can't tell for certain, though. Tom Crone's boy got his leg broken. Somebody sent for Doc. Cryder."

There was so much more that I wanted to ask, but suddenly the door creaked behind me, and I turned just in time.

I do not think I had ever seen Norreen look so lovely, so sort of soft and different. She had something light and pink in her hands and her cheeks were flushed.

"It is finished," she said, "the last piece. Oh, Grandpa, I am—"

And then my old face must have betrayed me.

"What is it?" she asked, and then when I couldn't answer, "It is Lyn!"

I wanted to tell her, but I could not find the right words.

"Where is he?" she asked in the same quick, strained way,

and then suddenly she was across the grass and her fingers were clutching my arms.

"Grandpa, where is Lyn? Where is he, I say? Tell me."

Then I found words, "The bridge," I said; "it broke."

Norreen did not answer. She did not even look at me. She just moved slowly towards the gate in a sort of heavy, lumbering fashion.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

She fumbled with the latch. When it opened, she turned and looked at me.

"To get Lyn," she said and closed the gate carefully behind her. Then she began to run, and in a moment she had turned the corner, the pink thing still fluttering in her hands.

I thought they would never come, but it could not have been very long really. Not more than twenty minutes, or perhaps twenty-five, before I saw them coming home.

Norreen was holding on to his arm with both hands and talking to him, but I do not think he heard. He was staring straight in front of him, like a man asleep. Then, when they came nearer, I saw his eyes. They were awful.

She took him into the house, and he dropped into a big chair and just sat, his hands hanging loosely between his knees.

He did not say a word. I began to ask him a question, but Norreen would not let me, so I waited for him to say something, but he did not. He just sat there, with his drooping shoulders and limp hands, and his face which had gone gray and dead, all except the eyes. His eyes were terrible. All the suffering of his whole body seemed concentrated in them, until I could not bear to see them any longer.

Then, for the first time since we entered the house, I looked at Norreen, and the same something that I had noticed in her so often before, the something I could not explain, struck me now. It was not anything she did or said. It was—well, the quality of her, I guess it was.

Anyhow, she stood there behind Lyn's chair, her hands on his shoulders, and she seemed all tender and soft and fierce. It was a sort of gentle, desperate, protecting fierceness, as if she were standing between him and anything that might come.

Time passed, and neither of them moved. And then Lyn spoke. It was hardly speech; just bare articulation. There was no expression on his face, nor in his voice. Each word dropped separately.

"The water," he said, "and people in it—going under—and no way to help—going under—without a chance. And I did

it. I built a bridge that wouldn't hold. I thought it would, but it didn't. And so people went under—they died."

Norreen's hands on his shoulders tightened, and her lips rested against his hair. Again there was that dreadful, thick silence in the little room.

And then Lyn crumpled up. In a moment Norreen was at his side, her arms about him. From the doorway I looked back. That little, tiny woman had gathered him, every bit of the great, shaking man, shielding him, into her slender, sheltering arms.

I closed the door and went away.

It was nearly an hour before I looked in again. They had scarcely moved, but Lyn was talking now, and some of the deadness had gone from his voice and the horror from his face. I stood there a minute and heard Lyn say:

"It is not that I have lost my nerve, Norreen. It is not that. But—it didn't hold. They went through. It might happen again. I cannot take another chance in human life. He waited a moment, and then he went on: "We thought I was big and strong. You see, I am not. I am not even safe. They trusted me, and they went under. That is what my brain is like. I trained it and trained it until they trusted it. And it was not worthy in the end. Not worthy, and they paid."

He raised his hands. They were trembling. He looked at them. They are not worth much," he said. "They were never trained. They are the cheapest thing of all my body. But they won't harm anyone. They are all the man I once was proud of. Look at them, Norreen. See how well I have tended them. And in another year they will be bent and crooked, and the nails will be broken and black, just like the man you once thought you would be proud of."

Norreen smiled then; a new smile, one I had never seen before.

"Once? Oh Lyn—my dear, my dear—" her voice broke then, in a sob that was half a moan, and reaching for his hands, she drew them to her, burying them, beneath her own, upon her breast.

Out in the garden, a sleepy robin chirped goodnight, and over in the corner of the fence a sunflower turned its worshipful face to the setting sun.

A while ago, I stood at my window, my white, Swiss window, and watched the daily morning scene below.

First came Lynore, her fat, stubbly little legs moving sedately, as befitted her early mission. From bush to bush she moved, critically eyeing the blooms on each, until a rosebud,

a tiny, pink rosebud, met her fancy. But the stem was tough and the chubby little hands not very strong. Then came the daily little moral battle. Teeth broke stems. But teeth were only to be used on food. Mummie was very strict about teeth. Still—the flower was for daddy—and—rules never counted when something was for daddy. So the tiny, white teeth were bared, and a moment later the stubby little legs were twinkling merrily up the walk.

I waited, listening to the voices that floated up to me—Lynore's delighted little squeals, Norreen's voice—Norreen's happy voice—and Lyn's, the full, deep voice of a man who counted in the affairs of men. There were other things in Lyn's voice, too, things that perhaps I heard, or perhaps I only felt—the voice of a man who has gone back to the very beginning and worked with his hands and his mind and his very soul, who has tested his training, step by step, until he stands, with head erect, among other men; the voice of the man whose whole world is within the circle of his arms.

Then he came down the walk; at the gate he turned to smile at the woman and child upon the steps, and at the old man at his sunny window.

And still I waited, for now came Norreen's morning act of grace. Soon she, too, came down the walk, bearing a glass of water in her hand—her morning offering to the sunflower, that raised its glowing face to the risen sun.

New York, N. Y.

Home Evening

(Tune, "Loving Shepherd")

On this evening, calm and still,
Heaven's mandate to fulfil,
We come with spirits glad and free;
A united family.

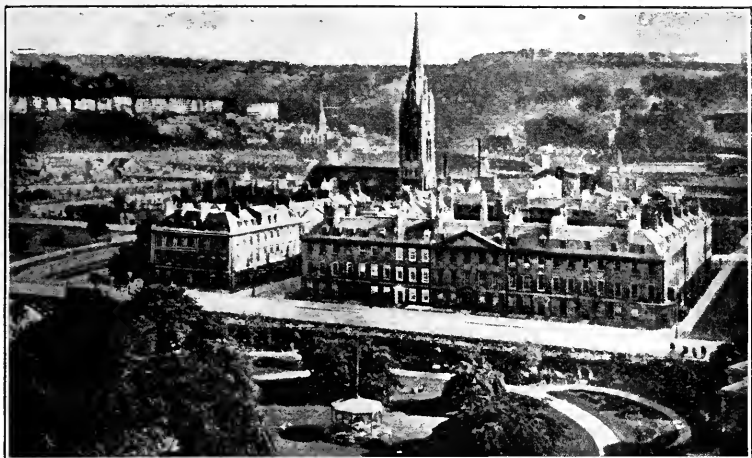
God above, thanks be to You
For our parents leal and true.
Brothers, sisters, all are here,
Joined in ties of kindred dear.

Father, keep us now, we pray,
In the straight and narrow way.
Let our spirits rise in might—
Glorified in strength of right.

Humbly now we join our hearts
Seeking for the better part.
For these blessings, rich and free,
Glory be, for aye, to Thee.

Tridell, Utah

Mrs. Alice Morrill



Bath from Institution Gardens

Bath

By Junius F. Wells, Associate Editor of the "Millennial Star"

Although no town of England, in the pride of its antiquity, possesses richer relics of its Roman occupation than Bath, its inhabitants pride themselves on a far earlier origin as a place of importance and worthy distinction. The mythical story of Bladud the Briton, the son of King Hudibras and father of King Lear, made famous by the play of Shakespeare, is accepted and solemnly vouched for as a credible tradition by citizens, as recently as 1741. The story is that Bladud was a leper and expelled from the Court, because of his infectious disease. He fled and took obscure refuge as a common swineherd at a village near Bath. His pigs contracted his ailment, and as he drove them abroad they rushed, pig-like, into the oozing slime of the spring nearby. When they came forth and were properly washed, it was found they were cleansed of leprosy. Believing that what was good for pigs would be better for men, Bladud followed their example and enjoyed the mud-bath, from which he emerged wholesome and clean. He returned to Court, succeeded his father upon the throne, and reigned twenty years. He erected a temple to Sul-Minerva, cleaned the springs, established baths and built a beautiful city, whose date is at least fifteen centuries earlier than the Roman control, from about 40 B. C., for four hundred years.

The excavations of the Roman remains are comparatively

modern and, largely, quite recent, and they reveal the fact that it was a city of wealth and delight in which the luxurious baths were the great attraction. These were built, as were those of Nero and Caracalla at Rome, without regard to cost; adorned with sculpture and mosaics, and fitted for recreation and the



The Great Circular Roman Bath

indolent pleasures, which always have accompanied the extremes of wealth and pagan splendor.

When the Romans withdrew from Britain, 410 A. D., the decadence of Bath began and its occupation in the conflicts of the Britons with the Anglo-Saxons is described in the Johnsonian phrase as "a distant, inarticulate reverberation of internal convulsion."

In this state Bath virtually remained until the 18th century, in spite of the fact that King Edgar was crowned in the Abbey there, and Queen Elizabeth visited it and gave orders for its betterment. Concerning the latter, the following old letter addressed to Lord Burleigh by Sir John Harrington is redolent of the Elizabethan spirit and literary quality:

The city of Bathe, my Lord, being both poore enough and proude enough, hath, since Her Highnesse being there, wonderfully beautified itself in fine houses for victualling and lodging, but decays fast. * * * The fair church Her Highnesse gave order should be re-edified, stands at a stay; and their common sewer, which before stood in an ill-place, stands now in no place, for they have not any at all; which for a towne so plentifully served of water, in a countrey so well provided of stone, in a place resorted unto so greatly, methinke seemeth an unworthie and dishonourable thing. If the funds were honestly used, I would not doubt of a ruinate church to make a reverent church, and of an unsavorie town a most sweete town.

Early in the Eighteenth century, Bath came under influences that led to its permanent rise from a condition of low life and squalor to the supremacy among England's most fair and famous cities of respectable residence and recreation. Chief among these influences was that of Fashion, vitalized by Beau Nash, aided by the enterprise of some famous architects and artists.

Bath, already famous for its hot springs and possessing good accommodation for visitors, became the rallying place of good company.

Here met together all that was illustrious—the most noble ladies and the most celebrated men. The chiefs of every department, the heads and leaders of every movement, the foremost professors of every science, and the brightest ornaments of every art. The gamblers and duellists, those distinguishing characters of the age, made this their rendezvous and battle-field. Players and playwrights, musicians, statesmen, theologians, philosophers, social reformers, Christian philanthropists—all muster in the same hour in the Pump Room, and mingle in the same crowd with idlers, ennui-dispellers and fortune-hunters. Hardly a biography, a memoir, or a novel of the eighteenth century, but contains some notice of Bath.

The people who at first frequented Bath for health were soon outnumbered by the votaries of gaiety, who made the place their own and ran riot in their indulgence of pleasure. The gaming tables were crowded nightly. The fashionable world, after the visit of Queen Anne, came in such numbers that the architects and builders were kept busy preparing houses for



The Royal Crescent

them. In this period Wood, senior and son, made their architectural reputation in the structures of Queen Square, Gay Street, The Circus, and the most beautiful and distinguished object in Bath, the Royal Crescent—a half-circle of noble residences that

have sheltered, at times, half the notable men and women of two centuries.

When Beau Richard Nash, who was born in Swansea, 1674, came to Bath, it was as an adventurer who had not succeeded in any of the occupations he had tried. But he was observant, a natural student of human nature, and a genius. He found the place crowded with pleasure-scekers whose entertainments were lacking in refinement and without organization. The ballroom reeked with tobacco smoke, men danced in muddy boots with spurs on. Women, poor imitators of Court fashions, were arrayed in the strangest garb—even wearing aprons at the dances. The Pump Room was a picture of disorder, and society was any-



The Grand Pump Room

thing but refined. The absence of police regulations encouraged acts of violence from the criminal class, and it was dangerous to be in the streets. Duelling was indulged upon slight provocation, and many encounters, often with dire results, were continually chronicled.

The dormant energy of Nash was roused by the chaos at Bath. His first suggestions for improvement were made plausible by his own demeanor. His manner and appearance in the Pump Room and at the dances in the Town hall pleased the people and he soon became the leader of fashion. He went beyond that and really established himself as the uncrowned king of Bath. His dicta and decisions were accepted as law. He drew up a code of conduct to be observed at all functions laying any pretense to fashion; and succeeded in raising funds for keeping the Pump Room clean and in order, and for the

maintenance of a band; also for lighting and paving the principal streets. He ruled strictly by the appeal to propriety, and was himself the mirror in which others might see what was good form and acceptable to good society. There were three great daily functions in the fashionable circle—drinking the waters, attending the Abbey services, and playing at the gaming tables. From six to nine were the bathing hours, followed by the leisurely drinking of the customary three glasses. Then horseback riding or walking in the meadows by the Avon, and scaling the heights above the town. When the stage-coaches



Bath Abbey—Institution Gardens

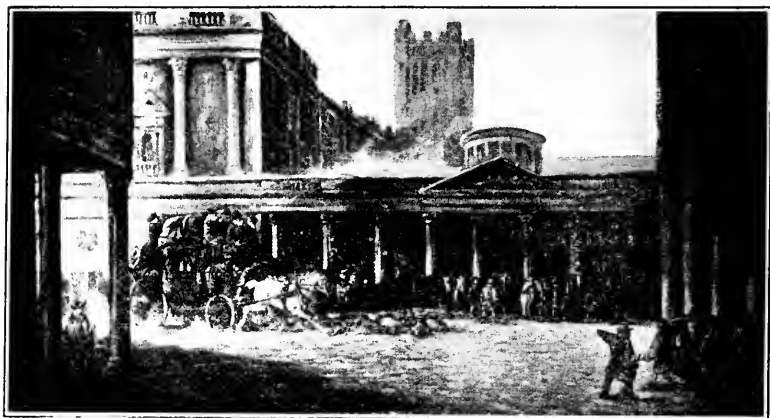
arrived with visitors the Abbey bells were rung, and the people would rush out to see and welcome the newcomers. Nash was rewarded on all sides with the smiles that wait on success and prosperity. He was at the height of his popularity in 1738, when the Prince of Orange presented him with a snuff-box. The nobility paid similar tribute to him, and the civil magistracy bowed to him as before royalty. A full length portrait was provided by popular subscription and placed in the ballroom between busts of Newton and Pope. This called forth the following satirical verses ascribed doubtfully to Lord Chesterfield:

Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er penned a joke
Severer on mankind.

The picture placed the busts between
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

Nash's period of popularity was not long, and he survived it in neglected poverty many years, dying at the age of eighty-six. But his influence survived, and Bath was socially what he had made it, for more than half a century after his fall from chief control as the master of ceremonies.

The dawn of the nineteenth century marked the zenith of Bath's glory, as a resort of fashion and of the affectation of fashion. Then began the welcome change. The better class of visitors, grown weary of the artificial manners of the *beau monde*, retired from public parties and introduced private teas. Jane Austen's novels were the vogue, and give evidence of the decline of fashion in favor of intellectual culture. Her dignified heroines express contempt for the customs and opinions of the modish ladies of Queen's Square, and insist on dwelling in the exclusive precincts of the Circus or Royal Crescent.



Bath—1825

The main interest of Bath, in the last half of the eighteenth and early decades of the nineteenth century, hovers about the presence there of the leaders of intellectual life. Painters and actors, novelists, poets and dramatists, statesmen and warriors, explorers and eminent divines, came in great numbers to spend there a part of each year. This is the bright and fascinating period that lives in the comedies of Sheridan. Here he found the idea and setting for the "School for Scandal." Dickens came here and met Mr. Pickwick and his bosom friends and Sam Weller:

Mr. Pickwick was fortunate enough to meet in the tea-room some distinguished members of Bath society, who were pointed out to him by the Master of Ceremonies.

"Mr. Pickwick, do you see the lady in the gauze turban?"

"The fat old lady?" inquired Mr. Pickwick innocently.

"Hush! my dear sir—nobody's fat or old in Bath. That's the Dowager Lady Snuphanuph."

"Is it indeed?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"No less a person, I assure you," said the Master of Ceremonies.

Nowhere in England have so many famous Englishmen dwelt for brief periods as at Bath, outside of London itself, and left evidences of their sojourn. The names of Chatham and his greater son, of Burke and Camden, of Wolfe and Nelson, of Gainsborough and Lawrence, of Fielding, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Southey, Wordsworth, Jane Austen, and Landor, but serve to illustrate the quality and variety of notables who resided there. It was the temporary home of Pope and Warburton, Lytton, Butler, Garrick, Quin, Mrs. Siddons, and Herschel, the astronomer. Mr. Arthur Waugh pays tribute to the glories of Bath, past and present, in the following comprehensive paragraph:

A city of the eighteenth century, bland and beautiful, dreaming with her grey stone eyes of the glories of an unforgettable past. Many of her mansions have known what it is to have shop fronts driven into their carved facades; some of her chapels have changed into badminton courts and offices, and Beau Nash's private house is now a public theatre. But many more of the old buildings remain refreshingly unspoiled; the link-extinguishers still survive amid the fine wrought-iron work; the interiors, with their lofty, garlanded ceilings and noble doors, are still unsacrificed to vandalism. Indoors and out the city keeps its old-world face for those who have time to linger and look at it, nowhere more than in the long Assembly rooms, where the towering chandeliers, with suggestion of ancient lights, and the dancing floor still shines from the polishing feet of the beaux and belles of a gayer generation. What a world one can call up, standing in the shadowy vestibule and looking down the dim and empty hall, what life and spirit of—

"The old Augustan days
Of formal courtesies and formal phrase,
The ruffles' flutter and flash of steel."

Here Mrs. Malaprop grows garrulous over her cards; there Lydia Languishe's eyelashes lift in answer to some quick retort; and surely that is Captain Absolute by the door, fresh and irresponsible as ever. Shadows of the past, flitting but imperishable!

Bath of the present day is much modernized in the improvement of its parks, the pavement of its streets, its tramcars, its electric lights, the comfort of its hotels and the splendor of its shops. The drinking and bathing establishments, owned by the corporation, are fully equipped to supply every kind of thermal indulgence; lying in its pools, drinking its waters, or taking medical treatment under the hands of experts, who prescribe for all the ills of humanity the right spray or vapor, packing or massage, to produce a cure. As one of the attendants remarked: "If you know anyone who has been given up as a hopeless case elsewhere, send him to me."

The three flowing springs, from which the half million gal-

lons daily are derived and conveyed in forty miles of distributing pipes, vary little in the temperature of about 120° Fahr. or in consistency. Like as at the great Spas of the Continent, the treatment depends for its effectiveness as much upon the regimen of diet and exercise as upon the virtue of the waters.

The Pump Room is still visited by travelers, who taste the waters; and the museum and concert hall connected with it afford them pleasant entertainment. The regular residents are the ultra respectable retired statesmen, soldiers, men of letters, and the gouty in general; dowager ladies of high degree in quiet elegance ride about in their victorias. Quietude and rest permeate the place with the solemnity of a Sabbath morning, the liveliest thing left being the name of its one time principal street Gay. You get the social atmosphere of Bath by pronouncing it with a very broad *a*. The *a* is broad enough in England anyway, but you stress it in Bath.

We were fortunate in having friends to the habit and the manner born. Our party, comprising President and Sister Richards, and the writer, were entertained by Elder Thatcher and his charming and hospitable family, who reside in the suburban town of Twerton, where Fielding lived. They showed us about and made the day delightful in going from place to place and getting thoroughly into the spirit of it. A day and experience long to be remembered.

Liverpool, England.

Faith

God knows the little time I stay,
 And what each day may bring to me,
 Therefore I'd strive to walk the way
 O'er which I have His company.

When far from home, and dark the night,
 Why should I fear or feel alone?
 If I but look, I shall see light
 Along the pathway leading home.

Then, let me leave in God all trust;
 Yea, all I have and all I am,—
 Still striving ever to live just
 By foll'wing after Christ the Lamb.

Lawrence J. Sorenson

Whence Come the Ills of Men and Nations?

By Dr. James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

It is a common Christian belief that the Divine purposes with respect to mankind are beneficent. The firm foundation for this conception is expressed in the Lord's most excellent word to Moses: "*For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.*" (Pearl of Great Price, p. 7).

Nevertheless, evil abounds in the world; and suffering, in its varied phases, appears to be the unescapable experience of mortals—suffering that is no less real because mercifully interspersed with respite.

Sin entered into the world, and death by sin (see Romans 5:12); hence there was a period of human history when sin was unknown and death impossible. Such a beatific condition was exemplified in Eden before the Fall. Transgression of Divine law brought the curse, under which the earth itself, and specifically the race of embodied spirits, have since endured.

A broad generalization, therefore, classes all the ills to which we say flesh is heir as the results of broken law, in fact, the effects of sin.

That pain, illness, adversity, bereavement, and every other afflicting experience may be sanctified to eventual good, by developing the otherwise weak or dormant capabilities of the soul, nowise beclouds the fact that the afflictions themselves are present banes, and that these are the results of transgression. But in many afflictions, the culpability of the sufferer is not plainly apparent; and the relation of sin to suffering in such cases appears to be that of a general cause producing an individual effect.

Our Lord the Christ suffered as hath no other man, for He endured the pains of all men: "*Which suffering,*" He has since declared, "*caused myself, even God, the greatest of all, to tremble because of pain, and to bleed at every pore, and to suffer both body and spirit.*" (Doctrine and Covenants 18:11 and 19:18). The Lord's agony of soul was the direct result of sin; but not His sin.

That the relation of physical cause to effect exists in every instance of disease or other affliction is undeniable; but that man's finite mind is competent to fix the blame, and to justly

aver that this particular ill is the punitive result of that specific offense, is in many cases obviously impossible. The Book of Job is an inspired refutation of any such false assumption, and stands as a warning against one man's pronouncement of another's alleged guilt on the evidence of the latter's affliction.

Jesus of Nazareth gave to His disciples a pointed lesson on the subject. He and they came to a man who had been born blind. *"And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him."* (John 9:2-3). The Master's exposition of the case implies no denial of a specific physical cause for the man's blindness; though it exonerates him and his parents from sinful culpability in the matter.

Satan is the prime instigator to sin, and through him sin was brought into the world. His diabolical activities are, and from the beginning have been, directed to deceive mankind and to lead them captive to his will, by false inducements and lying promises. Individuals and nations have come under the archfiend's sinister control, and thus, led by the author of sin, they transgress and inevitably must suffer. Envy, strife, and all the rest of the frightful results of selfishness, spring from seed of the devil's sowing.

The primary cause of evil—that dread malady under which the earth groans—being thus definitely fixed, we may hopefully and intelligently seek the remedy. Since sin is the cause, the elimination of sin alone can bring about a cessation of the effect. Inasmuch as the law of God has been broken, reparation must be made; and this is possible only through obedience. Individual relief can be achieved through individual compliance with the divinely prescribed *laws and ordinances of the Gospel*; and, as communities consist of individuals, the salvation of the community can be effected only through the probity of its citizens.

The word of the Lord God of heaven and earth has gone forth in this age, commanding all men to repent and to obey His law, which is the law of righteousness upon which the liberty of true blessedness is predicated.

"Hearken and hear, O ye inhabitants of the earth. Listen ye elders of my church together, and hear the voice of the Lord, for he calleth upon all men, and he commandeth all men everywhere to repent. For, behold, the Lord God hath sent forth the angel crying through the midst of heaven, saying: Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and make his paths straight, for the hour of his coming is nigh." (Doctrine and Covenants 133:16-17).

The Innocent Suffer On Account of the Guilty

Jesus Christ, the One Sinless Man, suffered in extreme degree, even unto death, on account of the guilt of others. In a lesser way, hosts of relatively innocent ones have suffered and are suffering because of sins in which they have had little or no part.

A wayward youth, flouting the warning admonitions of worthy and loving parents, plunges recklessly into what he calls pleasure; and, though the aftermath be bitter to him, his present suffering is slight in comparison with the pangs of the solicitous and yearning father and mother to whom he has brought disgrace and agony of soul. By reversing the conditions, we have the case of a brutal father, a recreant husband, inflicting torture upon children and wife. Again we see the innocent suffering under the crimes of the guilty.

None can doubt that hosts of the comparatively innocent have endured unspeakable agony in the world war, the frightful inflictions having no immediate relation to sinful acts on the part of the victims. The pestilential scourge that has so recently swept the earth as with a besom of destruction has claimed its many millions. Accepting the generalization that disease is incident to the curse brought upon the world through transgression, we naturally ponder whether all who were thus stricken to death succumbed because of their own unfitness to live. Our answer is that while such calamities are judgments, permitted of God as disciplinary, and, be it hoped, reformatory measures, many have fallen whose sins are not such as to directly bring upon them so heavy a penalty as to us their untimely death appears to be.

An incident in the teachings of the Christ is in point. He was told of certain Galileans who had been slain in the Temple courts, so that their blood was mingled with that of the altar sacrifices. "And Jesus answering said unto them, Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay, *but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.* Or those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: *but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*" (Luke 13:2-5).

Were this life all there is to existence, its deeper problems would be altogether insoluble, its seeming enigmas wholly inexplicable. If death of itself is an unqualified calamity, an evil infliction to which there is no recompensing sequel, then indeed does injustice reign. But, by the sure word of Divine avowal, we know that death is not finality, that the dissolution of spirit

and body is but a temporary separation, and that even during the limited period of disembodiment the individual lives as an intelligent, active spirit.

Moreover, that same sure word tells of adjustment and restitution, whereby the innocent, who have suffered from the evil deeds of others, shall be recompensed in heavenly measure for their earthly pain. Not death but the life that preceded it, and the state of our souls beyond, should be our great concern.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; from henceforth, when the Lord shall come, and old things shall pass away, and all things become new, they shall rise from the dead and shall not die after, and shall receive an inheritance before the Lord, in the holy city."

And further: *"And it shall come to pass that those that die in me, shall not taste of death, for it shall be sweet unto them; And they that die not in me, wo unto them, for their death is bitter."* (Doctrine and Covenants 63:49; 42:46-47).

Incident to a period of cruel intolerance in religious matters among the aboriginal inhabitants of the Western Continent, the evil-hearted persecutors put to death many women and children by burning thinking thus to terrify the men into a denial of their faith. The prophets Alma and Amulek were forced to witness the awful scenes. Amulek desired to invoke superhuman power to save the innocent victims: "But Alma said unto him: The Spirit constraineth me that I must not stretch forth mine hand; for behold the Lord receiveth them up unto himself, in glory; and he doth suffer that they may do this thing, or that the people may do this thing unto them, according to the hardness of their hearts, that the judgments which he shall exercise upon them in his wrath, may be just; and the blood of the innocent shall stand as a witness against them, yea, and cry mightily against them at the last day." (Book of Mormon, Alma 14:11).

The Revelator "saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: And they cried with a loud voice, saying, *How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?*" (Rev. 6:9-10). And in later vision of what is to be, he beheld the consummation, at once glorious and awful, and rendered praise unto God for having avenged the blood of His servants. (19:2).

As Christ has suffered for the sins of the race, so those who are Christ's have to endure, in varying measure, the effects of guilt not their own. But to them shall be requited in eternal blessings their experiences of earthly anguish. Wo, wo unto them to whose account is charged the suffering of the innocent!



Southern Sketches

By Charles F. Steele

I—The New South

"There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour."—*Benjamin H. Hill*, in a speech in Tammany Hall, 1866.

What Benjamin H. Hill said in 1866 is truer still in 1919. The South of slavery days is indeed dead; the New South is rising resplendent on the wings of the morning. Her destiny is unfolding gloriously like the petals of a beautiful flower.

On February 12, 1895, before the Lincoln Union of Chicago, that distinguished southern journalist and gentleman, Mr. Henry Watterson, who enlisted in the Confederate army as a private and in 1861 became editor of the *Rebel* at Chattanooga, spoke the heart of the South when he said in an eloquent address on Lincoln:

"Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hands smote the lyre of the Scottish ploughman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as sure as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, so was Abraham Lincoln; a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder or be followed by mankind with a deeper feeling, than that which tells the story of his life and death."

The old order in the South is rapidly passing. The veterans who wore the gray in that fratricidal struggle of '61 are now almost all passed to their final rest. Their ranks each year grow thinner and the little mounds of earth covering the honored bones of patriots who fought with conspicuous valor for what they believed to be their just and sovereign rights, each year increase. More flowers are required on Memorial Day and

more tears sprinkle newly-made graves. Yes, the boys who wore the Gray are passing, and with them passes the last vestige of the Old South—the South of Secession and Slavery.

Every old Southern city and town has two unmistakable reminders of the old days. First, there stand sprinkled among modern bungalows the beautiful old colonial mansions fronted with great, white pillars and surrounded by spacious grounds. Second, there invariably stands on some conspicuous and central spot, a monument of marble or granite surmounted by a Confederate soldier. These two links are never lacking, and it is well, for it seems to connect, somehow, the old and the new, the past and the present.

While the memory of the Confederate dead will ever be cherished in the hearts of their children—a just and natural passion indeed—there are others who now occupy the center of the stage—the Dixie boys who fought so valiantly for America and the world in the late European war. They will continue to do so. The lapse of time brings many changes. The thrilling strains of “Dixie,” and the strains of the noble hymn, “The Star Spangled Banner,” are received with equal fervor in Dixie.

What the South did to help win the war is too well known to need repetition here. It is a matter of history. Some time ago I was in Washington, and while there I had the pleasure of hearing John Temple Graves, the noted journalist, speak in behalf of the Salvation Army drive. It was at a time when the East was lagging in that most worthy campaign. In his speech, Mr. Graves announced that the South had already gone “over the top,” and paid an eloquent tribute to the fine record of the southern people who poured out their all so willingly in the common cause.

What Mr. Graves said was true. In not one instance did the South fall down.

The effect of the war on the sentiment of the southern people toward the North is very pronounced. The results have been highly gratifying. It knit the two more closely together than any other one thing. Thousands of northern soldiers went South to the military camps, met hospitable southern parents and attractive southern daughters. Charmed by the beauty, affability, and culture of the Dixie girls, thousands of the boys found wives. It was a perfectly natural consequence. Southern girls saw in those husky, clean-cut, northern fellows the very best type of husband. The same thing reversed happened in the North. Thousands of chivalrous, southern boys married northern girls, carrying their wives back to their sunny southern homes.

This intermarriage of northern and southern beauty and chivalry is bound to have a wholesome effect on our national life. Travel between north and south will become more general. The ties of family love will intensify the social relations as no other power possibly could. A new and lively mutual interest will be stimulated in both sections of the country.

The South is expanding economically. It offers unusual advantages in all branches of commerce and industry. It is filling up fast, but still needs population. The agricultural possibilities of the Southland are only beginning to be realized. What the future has in store for that country I contemplate with wonder and amazement. The next ten years of normal growth will witness remarkable development in Dixie.

About 20 per cent of the corn crop of the United States this year will be produced in the nine southern states east of the Mississippi river and south of the Ohio and Potomac rivers. An average yield of corn per acre is from 35 to 50 bushels. Some well-cultivated fields yield as high as 100 bushels. The Department of Agriculture estimated the corn crop of the South in 1917 as 676,000,000 bushels, an increase of 181,000,000 or about 37 per cent over the crop of 1916.

One of the most valuable assets of the South is its climate. While they have hot days, one never hears of sunstroke. Prostrations from heat rarely occur. The mildness of the climate and length of the season make two or more crops a year possible.

Cotton reigns as king in the South. Dixie stands supreme in the production of this staple. Nor does it merely produce cotton. The textile industry is growing by leaps and bounds. In the twelve months ending July 31, 1917, the report of the United States Census Bureau shows that mills of the cotton states consumed 3,901,413 bales, while the mills of all other states consumed 2,899,775 bales. In 1880, it might be interestingly added, these same states consumed for manufacturing purposes only 373,885 bales.

The southern corporations, of course, represent millions of northern money. In fact, the manufactures of the South have been largely built up by northern capital. As in the North, these textile companies have interested themselves in the welfare of their employes. Steps looking to the creation of a more pleasant and healthful environment have been taken. Villages are built close to the mills. Experts in welfare work are employed, many permanently. The work includes plots for gardens, playgrounds, common schools, hospitals, nurseries, church and Y. M. C. A. activities, classes in domestic science for the girls, athletic clubs, swimming pools, etc. Special care is given to the sanitary conditions of the villages, with the result

that the modern mill village is often a model of cleanliness.

Live stock breeding in the South has taken on new life the past few years. The federal and state authorities and the great transportation companies are uniting in building up this highly important industry. Winter feeding is always a substantial item of expense in handling live stock. The item is practically negligible in the South, owing to the mild winters. Excellent progress is being made in the breeding of high-grade stock.

Poultry is also forging to the front. In Tennessee, around Thanksgiving Day, trains known as "Turkey Specials" leave some of the chief centers for New York and other large eastern cities.

Other important southern crops are truck garden stuff, sweet potatoes, peanuts, apples, peaches, melons, peas, etc. Truck farmers ship their products north. Norfolk, Va., is the largest trucking district in the South. In 1917 the shipments were valued at over \$7,000,000. Charleston, S. C., district shipments amounts to from \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000 worth of produce annually. This district is a heavy producer of early Irish potatoes and cabbages.

Southern cities are now modern in every respect. None there are that cannot boast of one or more skyscrapers. Manufacturing is rapidly on the increase. The export and import trade of the great southern ports, New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, Savannah, Brunswick, and Jacksonville is increasing yearly, docking facilities being built to cope with the expanding business. In 1917 the value of Savannah's water-borne commerce was \$478,215,950.

Mention should be made of the enormous iron and steel industry of the South. The annual pig iron output is now about 7,000,000 tons. The United States steel corporation has under construction new plants in the Birmingham district to cost \$11,000,000. Electrical steel furnaces are being successfully operated in Anniston, Alabama.

Such, in brief, is the New South as I saw it. And such was the South seen in vision by Henry W. Grady, that peerless Southern orator who, in 1886, before the New England Club of New York, said:

"The New South is enamoured of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-stalwart and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies beaten."

The Essentials of Permanent Agriculture

By Elmer G. Peterson, A. M., Ph. D., President Utah Agricultural College

II.—The Real Farmer

Much has been said about the depopulation of the country with resulting congestion in the city. There has undoubtedly been a strong wave toward the cities during part of the past half century. This has been due, in large measure, to the development of machinery and manufacturing which offered opportunities that appeared greater than those of the farm. Most of the great industrial leaders of today were boys on the farm thirty years or more ago. With the development of manufacturing and the improvement in living conditions in the city and in manufacturing centers, which is one of the truly remarkable achievements of the last fifty years, additional inducement was offered the farm boy and girl to desert the country for the city.

At the time we were making a very important development in manufacturing and transportation enterprise in America, country life was in anything but a desirable condition. This was twenty years and more ago. Roads were bad, if not impassable, during much of the year. There was very meagre provision for sanitation on the farm. Automobiles had not come to remove the terror of isolation. The country church, speaking generally of America but not of Utah, in the opinion of many students of the subject, had failed to meet the needs of the farmers and their families. The price of products was low and the control of diseases and pests had not been so satisfactorily established as with the aid of modern science it is now established. The country schools were very inadequate. Interurbans had not yet been built, which now greatly aid the development of country life. With all these factors and others operating, country life became very unattractive.

About this time, however, there began a great movement looking toward the rejuvenation of the farm. The Agricultural Colleges throughout America began to extend their work, the good roads movement began to take form in earnest, automobiles developed within the reach of practically all the substantial farmers. The price of products increased; education in agriculture and home economics was stimulated not only in the Agricultural Colleges but in the high schools. The result of these

and many other things operating sees the country today offering advantages to those who have the necessary ability and spirit, that far surpass the average conditions of the city.

Country life has been made beautiful. Sanitary conveniences now are available for every home. Good roads, autos, and interurbans put the farmer in touch with world affairs. The city paper is left at his gate each morning or evening. He has excellent schools, although they can be improved. All in all, the result today justifies the belief that larger and larger numbers of the "best" people will seek holdings in the country, forsaking the monotony and soul killing life which the great majority of city folk must live.

There is a prevalent error in the minds of many that the country must be made like the city before it is completely redeemed. Utah and America contain many, many sad monuments by way of financial failures to pavement-minded people who thought that they were not modern unless they had a city house on their farm, a city lawn, city fences, and city furnishings in their home. Some of these things are desirable, and will come, but are not essential. And these tastes differentiate the artificial product which often parades in the name of agriculture from the real lover of the country. There is enough beauty in nature, if we but know it, not to make it necessary unduly to try to improve nature. Nothing, in a way, is more beautiful than sage, or even dry knolls where grass is making a stubborn fight to stay green. The simpler the country home, the better, sometimes; which does not prevent most modern improvements. What I mean is that a real farmer does not crave a great monument of brick for a house or a tremendously expensive lot of other buildings. The city-minded man does. The real farmer knows his horses as individuals and his cows the same, and takes genuine joy in caring for them. He loves to "putter" around his pigs and chickens. He is a friend to his canyons and his streams of water. And yet he is quick often and decisive in business details and must be a man of great industry, because farming is hard work and the man who is afraid to wilt his collar would better stay away.

God has made possible no vocation which permits a truer living and a greater spiritual exaltation than agriculture. This State and others contain many opportunists who till the soil, many good business men who raise fruit or other crops, many good engineers who succeed in agriculture, but not nearly enough real farmers whose greatest satisfaction comes from creating fields of grain from dry lands, from developing great herds and flocks from small beginnings, who love horses and the great open places, and whose life would not end happily if

it did not end with them among their stock or in their fields.

Such quality is a part of men who are right minded. Such an attitude represents an advanced spiritual mastery that puts such men among the great.

Logan, Utah.

The Pure in Heart

By Lloyd O. Ivie

Of all things, I am most thankful for the little lessons Nature has taught me.

While upon my mission, I happened to be laboring in a section of the country where heavy wind storms were not at all infrequent.

One night such a storm arose, one of the most dreadful for quite a number of years. The rain beat in at every crack and crevice; houses, trees, electric line poles swayed to and fro, a number of them gave way and went crashing to the ground.

How different was the following morning; everything was calm and peaceful; nothing but the damaged property remained as evidence of the raging storm. My companions and I mounted our wheels and started out eastward into the country to our daily work as missionaries in Japan.

After about an hour's ride we came to a pine grove, which covered five or six acres of a little knoll. In its center was builded a very quaint little shrine. We stopped here for a few moments' rest, wandering about leisurely as we did so.

Quite a large number of the trees were damaged; few indeed escaped the ravages of the storm. I was surprised to notice that the trees which were broken down were dried and worm-eaten in the heart. Their bark and leaves were intact; it would have been, I judged, almost impossible before the storm to have picked out the defective trees. However, the storm had been able to do that with unfailing accuracy.

Many of the good trees had suffered more or less the loss of decayed branches; some had received injury by having the storm-culled trees fall upon them. But only those which had been strong and firm within stood the test.

To the Saints of Zion there lies herein a great lesson. "Who-so readeth let him understand."

Raymond, Canada.



Visit of President Wilson



The visit to our inter-mountain city by Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, is to be considered absolutely apart from personal likes or political affiliations. It was a question of altruistic ideals as delivered to the people by the chief executive of the nation. The President was in our midst; he became our guest to advocate a great cause; he was the bearer of a great message and that it might be truly received by us, he passed from coast to coast of our broad and splendid land. It was well that we acted the part of host in a manner befitting to the man who stands at the head of our nation and who bore to us a message fraught with such vast importance to the people of the earth.

A Covenant, The League of Nations, A Hope for the Peace of the World—that was the message. The President in his tour across the continent wished to place before the citizens of the United States the result; the crystalized deliberations of the Allied Powers at the Conference at Versailles. He wished to show the base upon which the pyramid of mutual understanding, the future welfare of the people of the world, is to be constructed.

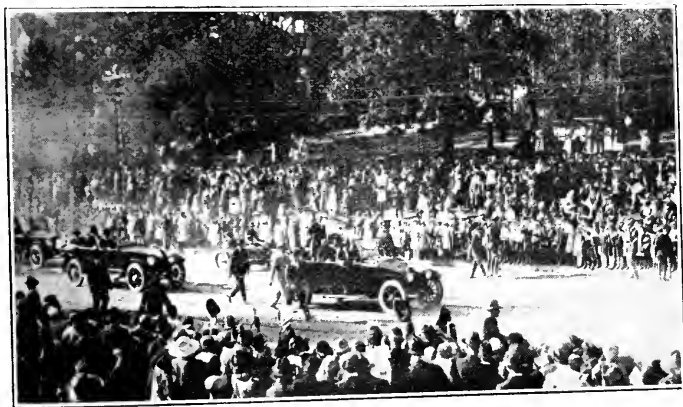
Was not this a great message? Is it not one worthy our closest consideration? The Now is the crucial period of time. The acceptance or rejection of the Real Treaty, The League of Nations may affect for centuries of the future the conditions and progress of the human race.

It was a most wonderful day of the beautiful season when the Nation's Chief Executive was with us. The clouds of the sky, the foliage of the earth, were radiant in the mellow light of the September sun; glory was spread over valley and height. It was a day that gave pleasure alike to the enthusiasm of youth, the strength of manhood and the wisdom of age. The thoughts of war, of savagery, of terror, or of desolation were far away. It seemed not possible to us, that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." It

seemed that the miseries of war-stricken Europe, must be only a dream, that such miseries to us would be impossible. And yet! We know the past, who can speak in knowledge of the future!

It is stated that the Tabernacle never before had such a throng as that which assembled there on the night of Tuesday, September 23, 1919. The holding capacity of the huge structure was tested to the utmost. As a user of pure English, as a calm, simple, trenchant, dignified speaker, President Wilson is world-famous. But it was the message which concerns us most. Out of the past, yea, even out of the present, world agony is there to come, in The League of Nations, the long-wished-for dream, or is the hope but a chimera? Are the ideals of President Wilson but a dream of Utopia, impossible of fulfilment, at least in the present selfish condition of the human race? Were the Chief Executive's colleagues, Clemenceau, Lloyd-George, also mistaken? This we know, the selfishness of mankind has been shown, is being shown to the utmost. And yet, within the hearts of men there is also the desire, the longing for the higher, the more perfect hope. Shall we, or shall we not, trust the future of the race to The League of Nations? Our answer is, We shall.

Alfred Lambourne



The Spirit of the Desert

By David Horatio Morgan

Alamo Tanks were dry, and there was no shade, and the sun burned upon the bleached desert sands until nothing seemed able to live. The little brown lizzards panted, and the horned toads lay quiet, and the rattlesnakes coiled up behind a burned bush or a chance boulder, scorching and baking in the hot winds. There had been no water in the tank for several days—the seep had dried up, and everywhere there were cattle dead, too weak from thirst to travel on.

Nature in other times had built up a tiny mountain of matter, and somewhere from beneath it had sent a little stream of water to the surface to quench the thirst of living things that might wander there. But now it was all a-thirst and parching.

Behind a great, black boulder a starving burro stood beside its dead mate. Upon the projecting hub of a wabby wheel a little gray, old man sat, his head in his hands. At his feet, upon the ground, a bent and silver-haired little woman crouched. Neither could speak, they were stranded and hopeless.

Far to the south and west a tiny cloud of dust began to rise and sweep forward in the burning wind. The little woman saw it but expressed no hope; there could be no rain, there could be nothing in this blasted region of cacti and creeping things. When again she looked, she made out an object moving, but the enfeebled eyes could not discern clearly. "John," she said, "I believe something is coming down there; see if you can make it out."

The man slowly raised his head, his black eyes still were bright. "'Tis perhaps a starving cow or a wild horse coming to join his fellows," he mocked in irony of their fate.

Then again he spoke, "No, Mary, I do believe it is a girl upon a burro. What in the name of Heaven can she be doing here and alone? 'Tis someone lost, or a trick of the imagination."

Into the scene of despondency and desolation rode Lena Hand, a slender girl with jet black hair and eyes. Slipping gracefully from her tired, dusty burro's back, she did not show the surprise she felt at the forlorn picture she saw, but, brushing back a moist curl from a cheek that showed rose red be-

neath a beautiful tan, she smiled, displaying two rows of pretty teeth in a large and happy mouth.

"How do you do, folks?" she greeted, taking a heavy canteen of water mechanically from the saddle. "Have you any water? This is fresh and good, a little warm, but wet," she laughed, advancing.

The man stood up and assisted the little woman to arise, and for a long time they stood side by side, looking wonderingly at the girl as if she were some fairy sprite. Then the man said, "No, we have no water; we drank the last this morning; and our burros have had none for two days. If you could spare some for Mary it would save her for a while longer; but we can get no farther without help."

Lena had not noticed the dead burro, so she said, "Oh, you may have all the water, and if you go sparingly it will last you two days. Jack and I can easily make the ranch without another drink," and she put her arm affectionately around the big burro's neck. "It is only eighteen miles back through that rough country to the foot of the mountain where we live."

The little woman took a few swallows of the water, and the man merely wet his lips.

"I would ask you folks to go home with me, but you cannot get over this trail with a rig; it is only a cow path through the rocks," and in a glance she took in the worn condition of the wagon.

The woman looked at the girl thankfully, admiration beaming upon the withered face, but she said, "No, we could not go anyhow, for we are going in the other direction to meet our son at Hasburge across the desert."

"Oh, Hasburge is thirty miles from here, but you can make it easily by tomorrow morning if you start now and travel all night. You see, I won't need the water; Jack and I will reach home in the middle of the afternoon. I just came up here for papa to see if the tank was dry, and to start the cattle back to the ranch."

The man surveyed the girl with a glance, then, looking at the big burro, he said, "Mary and I are stranded here, we can go no farther; one of our burros died last night, and we are both too spent to walk very far." There was a note of resignation in his words—hopelessness and dejection, and he sat upon the hub of the wheel, his face in his hands.

The little woman went up to him and patted him on the shoulder; the water had revived her and she felt more hopeful. "Come, Johnnie," she coaxed in her motherly way, "perhaps our friend can get some help to us yet before it is too late."

Lena had stepped around behind the rickety wagon, to the boulder where stood the lone burro, lamenting, perhaps, in its way, the loss of its mate. She put her hand tenderly upon its neck and looked into its sinking eye. "You must have water, little girl," she said, sympathetically, "or you will never help those folks over their long trail." She fetched the canteen and, unscrewing the cap, placed the opening to the burro's lips. The animal sniffed the water and began to coax in little half audible nickerings. Lena raised the canteen forcing the burro's head up and back until the water began to trickle down the dry, parching throat.

"There now, just a sup, and you can have some more after awhile," she promised, taking away the canteen.

She walked out into the desert some little distance to think, and, looking back upon the ramshackle outfit, she said aloud, "Oh, dear, what could those two old people have been thinking of, to have undertaken such a trip across the desert? It is a wonder that they ever got this far without getting lost. They have one chance only to make it through, and that is, they must have help. They could never make the trip with me to the ranch, and if they wait here for help, they would be dead before I could get back. They must go on!" Then she thought of the dead burro and she knew why the man had been so helpless. She turned to go back to the wagon, to the man and the woman silently trying to comfort each other by their presence. "No, I cannot go yet, there must be some way out. Jack will have to go with them!"

With a sigh she looked up to see the big fellow following after her. He stopped to sniff noses with his new acquaintance and then came up to his mistress and rooted her impatiently with his nose.

Lena threw her arms around the big gray neck, and pressed a kiss to the velvety muzzle. "Oh, Jack," she said, "you will have to go with them, they are old, and we could never leave them here. Come on, boy, and I'll harness you!"

Silently she led her desert friend back to the wagon, and began fitting on the harness. The old people were wrapped in their own thoughts, and did not heed her. Then she brought up the other burro, and after feeding it raw potatoes from the wagon, began hitching both animals to the wagon, petting and talking to them all the while, but her heart was full, and she brushed away a tear as she tied the lines to the break-staff.

"Now folks," she cried most assuringly, "you must be starting, and do not stop any time for long. I am loaning you my

burro;" she laughed, as the two old people hobbled around to see what Lena had been doing.

"No, no!" they both protested, in surprise and gratitude, "we cannot take your animal; how would you get home?"

"Oh, it is not far," she tried to say lightly; "you will need him more than I; but if you do not need him after you get to Hasburge, just leave him there and I will send for him. When I get home, I shall 'phone for someone from Hasburge to meet you."

The old people protested, but finally Lena helped the little woman to her seat, and, patting Jack on the shoulder, said, "Good bye!"

Lena stood watching after, waving her hand every little while encouragingly as the wagon grew smaller and smaller and finally disappeared in a cloud of dust. Then she said, as if she were talking to a friend, "It is as it should be; it is the spirit of the desert—to give and to take!"

She was now all alone in the great, white stretch of desert waste. The mountains were far distant, and she had tasted no water since morning, expecting to eat her lunch and take a drink at the tank. She had not told this to the old people, neither did she tell them of the almost impassable trail she would have to travel to reach her home. There had been nothing else for her to do, and she had gladly done what had seemed to her to be her duty. Would she ever reach the ranch? That was a question she could not answer, and there was fear in her mind, for her throat was now beginning to pain, and swallowing was difficult.

"I have brought this upon myself," she said, "and whatever is the result, no one else will be to blame."

She tried to keep control of herself by trusting in Providence, but soon her steps began to lag, and she stumbled and fell, exhausted upon the burning sand. She climbed to her feet and dragged herself on. "I must not stop; I must get home, and 'phone for someone to meet those people, or they may never get through!"

Hour after hour she trudged along though her feet blistered in the slipping sand. Her lips were swollen, and her tongue filled her mouth. At last it grew dark, and she dropped down to rest. Faint and weary she soon fell asleep. She knew that she was falling asleep, and tried to arouse herself, for she realized that if she traveled in the cool of the night, she would not suffer so.

When she did awake she was in a nightmare, she could not move. In her ears there was ringing the unmistakable warning of a rattle snake, almost in her face. She knew that

if she moved it would strike, and she knew not just where it was. If she waited it might be hours before the thing would crawl away, and if the sun caught her on the desert, she would surely die.

Her lips were so dry that she tried to moisten them with her tongue, and thoughtlessly moved her head. The snake hurled itself against her cheek and fastened its fangs into her hair. With a scream of terror she sprang to her feet, and the hideous thing fell to the ground, but the poison had not touched the flesh.

She went on. The rest and the sleep had refreshed her tired body; always she kept the dim outline of the mountain straight before her. She did not remember familiar landmarks now, and held but one thing in mind, for somewhere ahead there was rest and water. At last she saw a flicker of light in the dark form of a building. She knew that somehow it must be the ranch, but to the question as to how she had found it there was but one answer: Providence had guided her lagging steps, the spirit of the desert was in her heart.
Jerome Junction, Arizona.

Consolation

When I'm tired of the toil and the tumult,
And my heart's full of sorrow and pain,
And I wish for my hardening sadness
Some safe consolation to gain,—

Then I leave the crowds for the calmness
Where man does not frequently trod;
Where I'm alone with the hills and the azure,
Alone with the pines and my God.

Lying there on the sweet-scented carpet,
With the pines murmuring softness above,
The hard, cruel pain in my bosom
Is replaced by contentment and love.

My sadness is lulled into silence,
My sorrows away from me roll,
The pines' consolation is given me,
Their peace and security enter my soul.

Contributed by *A. R. Hurst*

Blanding, Utah.

Died in Service

*"Loose me from fear, and make me see aright
How each has back what once he stayed to weep—
Homer his sight, David his little lad."*

Short sketches of these soldiers have appeared in the *Era*, vols. 21 and 22. This alphabetical list is doubtless incomplete, and the *Era* will be pleased to have parents or others interested furnish information for a short notice of those who have not been included in this list,—boys of the West who gave their lives for the liberty of the nations. Send information to Editors of the *Improvement Era*, 20 Bishop's Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah.

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Charles L. Flake, was killed in action in Siberia, June 22, 1919, while helping to rescue four of his comrades who had been taken prisoners by the anti-Kolchacks. He is a son of Mrs. Bell Flake, and is survived by one sister and two brothers, and his wife, to whom the news of his death comes as a terrible shock, for he had been released to return home in July. His wife, Mrs. Ruth Norberg Flake, and small babe reside at the home of her mother in Salt Lake City. Mr. Flake's home town is Snowflake, Arizona, although he resided a number of years in Salt Lake City and Los Angeles. He fulfilled a three-year mission in the Southern States, returning in April, 1918, at which time he married Miss Ruth Norberg, and later went to Siberia with the A. E. F.

Against Sunday Desecration and Tobacco

By President Andrew Kimball, of the St. Joseph Stake of Zion

A Weekly Half Holiday

At our late quarterly conference, August 9, 1919, we declared for a weekly half holiday and other progressive steps toward the observance of a sacred Sabbath. Our thousand and fifty representative members present, voted in the affirmative. The St. Joseph stake covers an area including Texas, New Mexico, and three counties in Arizona, a stretch of 342 miles from El Paso to Miami, and contains over 6,000 members of the Church and 19 wards and branches.

While we do not expect at present to control a greater area than the Gila Valley, Graham county, Arizona, in time we hope that sentiment will grow favorable towards the same privileges among the outlying wards and branches in mining camps, and in other states, therefore, we feel assured of success within the valley.

Outraged by the liquor interest's unreasonable and unrelenting violations of everything decent, we became desperately in earnest, and wiped out the liquor traffic. Just so, the rapid increase in Sunday desecration, a flood of games and athletic sports all coming on Sunday, has outraged sacred rights, and we have begun proceedings to stop the mad rush. We have declared, we have begun, and we are now weaving about this twin relic of the saloon evil, a fabric of enlarged and intensified public sentiment, and we feel assured we have it in the web.

Following the passage of the resolution; the officers of the stake and ward worked out some details and voted to adopt Friday afternoons, commencing at one o'clock, as a holiday: meeting the situation more than halfway, we proposed to concede a time for rest, recreation and sport, before we undertook to insist upon a quiet observance of Sunday.

We decided to begin Friday, August 22, since which time the cause has gained each week, but we may have to change the day; for, as a farming community low in manpower, our most conservative men believe it will work a hardship and great loss of crops to insist upon Friday, but the principle is gaining ground and will win.

The Graham County Athletic Association is to be or-

ganized, as an outgrowth of the half holiday and sacred Sunday movement. Prominent men of the county, not associated with our Church, called a mass meeting at the court house and urged that we cooperate and make it a county athletic association; that the late State Legislature had made it legal to hold boxing matches within its borders, and that no such contests could by law be staged on Sunday. By combining our sports, we can take advantage of the boxing Sunday prohibition law, and thus fortify our movement with more than sentiment.

After framing by-laws and rules of action, delegates were sent to each town and ward with permission to call the people together at the close of our sacrament meeting, Sunday, 21st, Sept., where the articles were acted upon, and three delegates from each locality sent to a central meeting called for Monday night the 22nd, at the court house, to ratify and, if possible, decide upon the exact half holiday. If the day cannot be decided upon by the representatives, it will be our purpose to refer it to the people.

"Right kind of stuff in our boys." A picked nine of old base ball players, called the "Valley Team," all "Mormon" boys, have been holding the championship, and therefore outside teams have challenged them for games. Sunday games were becoming very annoying to our peace-loving people; we remonstrated, time and time again, against Sunday games. After we made the declaration, our boys played their last game with the Moreuce team, but said: "'Mormon' boys don't play base ball on Sunday," since which time, they have made good.

Graham county is the center of a larger circuit from El Paso to Phoenix, and surrounded by mining camps. They need us, and by co-operation with the County Athletic Club, we are assured that base ball and all such sports, in future, especially in the Valley, will be played on some other day than Sunday.

Against Tobacco

The St. Joseph Stake is also in the fight against the cigarette. While attending the young people's convention last June, in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, I was strongly impressed that a resolution should be adopted, pledging the youth of Zion to discountenance the use of tobacco in any form, and to use every effort within their power to overcome the pernicious cigarette habit. * * * I returned home with a firm determination that we would try it out in the St. Joseph stake. Arizona has a splendid law, the result of the good work of our "Mormon" members in the Legislature; it is published in the September number of the *Juvenile*, (see also *Era*, Vol. 22, p. 1037) but law

without sentiment and enforcement, is a dead letter. We resolved therefore to put it to the test.

At a meeting of the heads of departments, the committee drew up a petition and resolution. The people of each ward circulated the petition, and we passed the resolution at Union Day meetings; and at the last quarterly conference, August 9, 10, there were 1,050 people who pledged their support. The petition was addressed to the Superior Judge, County Attorney, and Sheriff, who gladly joined with the movement and welcomed the support such public sentiment would give them.

Several arrests have been made. We have the juveniles scored up, they in turn expose those who sell and buy for others, so that matters are taking right shape for a clean-up.

While working for a half-holiday and a sacred Sabbath, we made it the subject for the stake, to be carried to the people by the acting teachers keeping it foremost before the people on all occasions. Editorials and articles in our local papers were also given. So, with the tobacco question, it gets first place until many old tobacco users dodge the issue and become less obnoxious in flaunting the filthy weed before the young. Besides this, we are taking up a labor with older members, urging them to quit the use of tobacco, and join us in the campaign against the filthy weed.

The resolutions follow:

On Tobacco

Whereas: Recognizing the evil effects of the use of tobacco, in any form, upon human beings, and more especially the young;

And Whereas: There is a law upon the statute books, prohibiting the sale, or use of tobacco to minors,

Therefore: Be it resolved, that we, the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, of the St. Joseph stake in conference assembled, do pledge ourselves to sustain the law, and support the officers of our state, county, and towns, in carrying out the purposes of the law against the use, and sale of tobacco to minors.

(Passed by 1,050 representatives of 6,000 Latter-day Saints, St. Joseph stake.)

On the Sacred Sabbath

We, the people of the St. Joseph Stake of Zion, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in conference assembled, by our vote today, do sustain the slogans as voiced by the great body of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church, *viz:*

"We stand for a sacred Sabbath and a weekly half holiday."

"We stand for spiritual growth through attendance at Sacrament meetings."

We stand for a Sunday law, and pledge ourselves to support the law-making body of this State in providing for a weekly half holiday and measures in keeping with our constitution for the suppression of all games and

sports calculated to disturb the peace and quiet of those who desire to hold sacred the Sabbath day.

We stand for a Sunday law and the Slogans of the Young Men and Young Women of the Church, as re-affirmed at the June conference, this year, in Salt Lake City, and pledge ourselves to not only stand for the principles as outlined, but will use our best efforts and influence to carry them out.

We remonstrate against games of base ball, and any and all such games, being played on Sunday, and urge the supervisors and town councils of the various towns to reject any proposal for the use of public grounds for such purposes; not only do such sports call into action those who participate, which we as a Christian people declare to be wholly wrong, but such amusements detract from, and draw our young people away from a more wholesome environment on the Sabbath day.

(Passed by 1,050 Latter-day Saints representing 6,000 members, St. Joseph stake.)

St. Joseph, Arizona.

Changes in Church Officers, September, 1919

Change in Stake Presidency.—Granite stake, Frank Y. Taylor, president; Joseph J. Daynes, Jr., First counselor; Edward H. Anderson, Second counselor; (Aug. 31.)

New Branch.—Mt. Sherman branch, Idaho stake, Joseph Hyrum Foster, address, Soda Springs, Idaho.

New Bishops.—Wendell branch, Blaine stake, Mayben Fox succeeded C. O. Pederson, address Wendell, Idaho.

Diamondville ward, Woodruff stake, William J. Jensen, address Diamondville, Wyoming.

Thirtieth ward, Pioneer stake, Charles Cottrell, Jr., succeeded Heber S. Cutler, address 176 Mead Ave., City.

Ririe ward, Rigby stake, William J. Chandler succeeded David Ririe, address same.

Raymond First ward, Taylor stake, James E. Meeks succeeded John G. Allred, address same.

Paris First ward, Bear Lake stake, Ezra S. Stucki succeeded H. Edward Sutton, address same.

West Layton ward, North Davis stake, Richmond Scofield succeeded Samuel R. Corbridge, address same.

Liberty ward, Liberty stake, William T. Cannon, succeeded Hyrum G. Olsen, address 1152 South 5th East, City.

Lynnard ward, Deseret stake, Albert L. Hurst succeeded Elmer A. Jacob, address same.

Moore ward, Lost River stake, Willard H. Sorenson succeeded William N. Patten, address same.

Franklin ward, Oneida stake, Cecil Woodward succeeded Samuel C. Parkinson, address same.

Boise ward, Boise stake, William Henry Edgley succeeded George W. Lewis, address 2005 North 15th St., Boise, Idaho.

Jerome ward, Blaine stake, James D. Pratt, succeeded Samuel S. Smith, address same.

Manard ward, Blaine stake, James H. Dixon succeeded Harvey Dixon, address same.

Bunkerville ward, Moapa stake, William Wittwer, succeeded Edward I. Cox, address same.

Prophecies and Promises of the Lord

As Recorded in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants

Study Course for Joint Advanced Senior M. I. A. Classes, 1919-20

VII.—THE DAY OF SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY

No day of life is completely lived without some purely spiritual activity. Spiritual activity, wherein direct service to God predominates; ethical activity, in which the service to our fellow men predominates; intellectual activity, wherein truth-seeking is the leading motive, and physical activity, in which the expenditure of direct physical energy is dominant.

Earthly necessities crowd in from many sides and make demand for all of these activities, save the spiritual; its claim comes from above, and through it we reach realizations of enjoyment higher than that reached through any and all of the other three, and thus spiritual activity is not only the leverage of the highest life, but the elevation of the individual, so complete that the function of all other activities are re-enforced by and through spiritual activity.

Man is a spirit—much more a spirit than anything else. The absence of the spirit means the absence of the mind, and the death of the body.

To serve God energizes the spirit of man, just as truly as the Spirit of God gives to the spirit of man understanding.

The hard-headed writer, who had formed the social habit of attending Sabbath-day service, said, "I do not profess to be a devout man, but I must confess that I am a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the week." He confesses in this statement the superiority of spiritual employment as a force in creating a social atmosphere for the growth and ripening of the goodness in man.

At any point in life one is just what his habits are, and the higher the habits the holier the character.

The habit of resting from the lesser activities to the extent of emphasizing the higher activity, for one day in seven, must of necessity make for nobility of character. There is a tendency to conform to the nature of our work and recreation, and to the

nature of those with whom we work and recreate. By examination we shall find that the observance of the Sabbath-day, from a Latter-day Saint point of view, includes elevative effort, both constructive and reconstructive, with the most elevating companionship, a companionship of those who are made the elect of God, through electing to be at his table on the Lord's day.

Those who believe in and will obey the M. I. A. slogan, "We stand for spiritual growth through attendance at sacrament meetings," will not be disappointed; they will feel growth, immeasurable by tape or compass, and it may be said of them, they are becoming like unto him of whom it is written, "And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his shewing unto Israel." (Luke 1:80.)

There are in essence two promises made in Sec. 59. First a promise of fulness of joy, second a promise of fulness of wealth. The latter promise is made part of wonderful instructions on the Sabbath day, by President Joseph F. Smith, recorded in *Gospel Doctrine*, pages 303-311.

The commandment to observe the Sabbath day, recorded in Sec. 68: 29, carries with it the universal promise of the blessing of obedience, and also the general promise of the certainty of spiritual calamity following disobedience.

The Sabbath day is a temple of time made holy by our Father's blessing, and the desecration of it should be thought against and fought against.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS.

1. Define and illustrate spiritual activity.
2. Of whom was it said that the child grew and waxed strong in the spirit?
3. What does the saying mean to you?
4. Why did the observance of the Sabbath day tend to make even the agnostic a better person?
5. Wherein does Sabbath day observance make one the elect of God?
6. Wherein does the disregard of the Sabbath make one the unelect of God?
7. In what particulars is a Sabbath-observing community better than a Sabbath-breaking community, judging from ethical and social points of view?
8. Which, as a rule, in your community is the most prosperous class of people, the Sabbath-keeper or the Sabbath-breaker?
9. If the weight of testimony is in favor of Sabbath-keeping, as a source of joy and as a source of material prosperity, what must be said concerning the promise in the revelation, Sec. 59?
10. What does President Joseph F. Smith say concerning Saturday's work and Sunday's devotion?
11. Give his inspired views in distinction between indolence and rest, page 304.

12. What does he say as to what should be done on the Sabbath day?
13. What does he point out that should not be done on the Sabbath day?
14. Quote his advice and declaration concerning protecting the boy from Sabbath breaking.
15. What is the great thought expressed in the last paragraph, on page 310, *Gospel Doctrine*?
16. Discuss the value of the special promises made for Sabbath-keeping; (a) To the child, (b) To the youth, (c) To the adult, (d) To the family, (e) To the community, and (f) To the race.
17. What is your personal experience regarding the progressive fulfillment of the promise made concerning Sabbath day observance?
18. Wherein is it more injurious for a believer to violate the Sabbath day than for a skeptic to do so?
19. Show the inconsistency of the hope of the millennium with the habit of Sabbath breaking.
20. If the Sabbath day is the temple of time made sacred by the special blessing of our Father in heaven, what is the evident duty of God's children concerning its desecration?
21. What evidence have we that the observance of the Sabbath day is a habit of divinity?

COLLATERAL REFERENCES AND SUPPLEMENTAL SUGGESTIONS

Blessings for him who keeps the Sabbath. Isaiah, 56:2.

Outside Sabbath-keepers preferred to inside Sabbath-breakers. Isaiah, 56:3-7.

The prosperity or destruction of the city dependent upon Sabbath-keeping. Jeremiah 17:21, 27.

Gospel Doctrine, President Joseph F. Smith, pp. 303-311.

Suggestions for Class Exercises.

Singing, Sunday school hymn, "Welcome, Happy Sunday."

Substitute for invocation a concert recital of the Sabbath day commandment of the decalogue.

It will be profitable to provide for a few minutes' bearing of testimony on the promises for Sabbath-keeping, and especially concerning spiritual growth resulting from Sabbath observance.

A finish to the lesson will be, "Beautiful Day of Rest," used as the closing hymn.

LESSON VIII.—THE WEEKLY COVENANT

The first reference to the sacrament in the Doctrine and Covenants is made in Section 20.

The administering of the sacrament is linked up with the authority of the holy Priesthood, from the apostleship to the office of a priest.

As to the substance and the purpose of partaking of the sacrament, Section 27:2 gives a clear statement. The promise contained in 5 to 14, inclusive, provides for a most glorious sacramental reunion of all of the dispensations and of all of the redeemed.

A careful study of the sacramental prayer, in administering

the bread, will reveal that the ordinance is not only symbolic of the great sacrifice, but a renewal of the psychic condition preceding baptism—a symbolic declaration of that condition. The partaking of the bread is a solemn declaration of a willingness to accept Christ as the Savior, a willingness to remember him, a willingness to keep his commandments, with the assurance that the Spirit of the Lord will be with those who partake worthily.

As the prayer is presented by one of God's official agents, it not only contains the declaration of the mortal, but it carries with it the pledge or promise of divinity, to provide the presence of his Spirit as a guide and guard for the one honestly making this covenant, through partaking of the emblems made holy by divine authority.

Having the Spirit of the Lord always with one, means indescribably much; it means light; it means love, and it means liberty or freedom from the bondage of evil desires. A dungeon with the companionship of the Spirit of the Lord is more than an illuminated palace without that Spirit. Majesty in chains, in Liberty Jail, illustrates the one; the craven on the throne in Hamlet illustrates the other. The blessing on the wine, or the water, is symbolic of the blood-purchase from death unto life; it is also a solemn, silent declaration that we do not forget the Lord; and with it goes the promise of having his Spirit to be with us through its promptings against sin, delivering us from evil, through engaging us with the good. This double covenant, the first as to willingness, and the second as to remembrance of the Lord, are made a weekly duty of the members of the Church, as provided in Section 59: 9. This paragraph is not only directive, but it is prophetic, it holds in essence the promise of a state of purity obtainable in no other way than through partaking of the sacrament.

The obligatory element contained in paragraph nine, is repeated with emphasis in paragraph twelve.

The sacrament of the Lord's supper may fittingly be called spiritual refreshment. The command for its weekly observance is more than a cordial invitation of the Lord Jesus to partake of these refreshments. The M. I. A. slogan, "We stand for spiritual growth through attendance at sacrament meetings," should be supplemented by an individual resolve to seek spiritual growth through attendance at the weekly sacrament meetings.

As love grows stronger through heartfelt renewal of its vows, so does the spirit increase in strength through the frequent renewal of its covenants; and as love may languish in the absence of a renewal of its vows, so may faith fade in the absence of the renewal of its covenants.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS.

1. What does spiritual growth mean to you? Illustrate.
2. Recite the blessing on the bread.
3. What are we to remember concerning Christ's body when we partake of the sacrament?
4. What two things do we witness that we are willing to do by partaking of the bread?
5. Recite the blessing on the water.
6. What are we to remember of the blood of the Savior when partaking of the sacrament?
7. What do we testify to in partaking of the water?
8. What has a person the right to expect who weekly partakes of the sacrament?
9. What does it mean to have the Spirit of the Lord?
10. Show the impossibility of escaping self condemnation for unworthily partaking of the sacrament.
11. What is the great promise contained in both of the sacramental prayers?
12. Discuss the inestimable value of this promise.
13. Wherein is the partaking of the water a more searching test of character than the partaking of the bread?
14. From your experience state wherein the weekly sacrament meeting is especially productive of spiritual growth.
15. It has been said that if a ward teacher can succeed in inducing the group whom he visits to attend faithfully the weekly sacrament meetings, his work is well done. Show why.

Collateral References and Supplemental Suggestions.

For a clear, terse exposition of the doctrine of the sacrament, read from *Gospel Doctrine*, by President Joseph F. Smith, page 252. The careful reading of this reference will be of intrinsic value to the student.

Suggestions for Conducting the Class

Opening hymn, "How great the wisdom and the love," by Eliza R. Snow, page 343. If anything interferes with the singing of this hymn, have it read or recited to the class; or, if that is not possible, any one of the fourteen sacrament hymns to be found in the L. D. S. hymn book.

Let the invocation be in the main an expression of gratitude for the Sacrament Covenant, with its promises.

Sing as your closing number, hymn 141, beginning, "Arise, my soul, arise;" or, if that proves impracticable, one of the hymns to be found in the sacrament group in the L. D. S. hymn book.

LESSON IX.—REVIEW.

The purpose of this review is not to examine with a view to discovering what the members of the class know or do not know. The chief aim is to link together the core or central ideas of the preceding lessons.

As it is essential for the builder of a course to see the end from the beginning, so is it important that the student may see with unobstructed vision from the last lesson to the first, or the beginning from the end.

Interest is immensely enhanced by the removing of the hazy spots, with the illumination of recapitulation.

Reviews lift mental mists, and let in the sunshine of new discovery. They permit the introduction of new collateral material, a process that will be slightly indulged in in this lesson. Dr. John Dewey, one of America's best educational authorities, says that no review is a complete review without the introduction of some new material.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS.

1. What are the three specific aims making up the general aim of this course of study?
2. What are the two great evident purposes of divine promises and prophecies?
3. What are the advantages to be obtained through belief in prophecy?
4. What are the spiritual results of the fulfilment of prophecy?
5. Quote from memory paragraph 37, Sec. 1, Doc. and Cov.
6. Discuss this thesis: Not one of the prophecies or promises recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants has failed of fulfilment.
7. Quote from the Lord's preface, in proof of the application of the golden rule in administering the law of eternal judgment.
8. Distinguish between humility and humiliation.
9. Quote paragraph 8, Sec. 12, and discuss the humiliation that would come from being prohibited from working in the Church.
10. Present the following in proof of the promise Sec. 18:15-16. An extract from an address by President Heber J. Grant, Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, September 21, 1919:

The Upward Progress of a Latter-day Saint

By President Heber J. Grant

I remember reading of an incident where a man away up in northern Scandinavia, in that cold, hard country, where it is difficult to make a living, heard an elder proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ again restored to the earth—faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, repentance, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, and that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and the living God.

He received the witness in his heart to the truthfulness of the message, and he went down into the waters of baptism. He soon received the spirit of gathering, and he emigrated from Scandinavia to Utah. After he had been here a little while the bishop called upon him and said: "You do not pay any tithing." "Why, I never heard about tithing." And the bishop taught him the law of tithing—that one-tenth of all that he made belonged to the Church for the spread of the gospel and the building up of the work at home and abroad. This man was shocked at the outrageous "tax" of the Church, as he termed it, but he said: "The gospel is true, and I guess I ought to live all the laws." After a great struggle he finally decided to comply with this law, and he honestly paid his tithing.

The bishop later came to him and said: "You do not pay any fast-day donation to take care of the poor;" and the man said, "For the love of heaven, isn't 10 per cent of all you make enough to take care of the poor?" "No," the bishop said; "but we do not ask you to give a dollar. All we ask is that you fast, that you fail to partake of food for two meals once a month—you are not asked for any money, but simply to give to us the

equivalent of what you save. You can consult your doctor, and you will find that this is beneficial to your health to fast for a couple of meals once a month." Well, he said he did not know about that, but he finally concluded he ought to do his share for the poor, so he fasted, and in fasting he partook of the Spirit of the Lord that is given to us when we fast and pray to God; and he rejoiced in paying his fast-day donation.

Pretty soon the bishop came to him and said: "We need a new ward meetinghouse." "Well, let the Church build it—the tithing ought to be enough for that." The bishop said, "No, the Church will not build it, but the Church will give one dollar for each two dollars that we give. You know we need a new meetinghouse, in which to worship the Lord." He "kicked and kicked hard," to use a slang phrase, but finally concluded that they needed a new meetinghouse, and he wanted to do his share.

Next the bishop came around and said: "We need a Church academy, so our children may not only be educated in the things of the world—the sciences, arts, literature, and so on—but in the things of God;" and he finally persuaded him to donate for an academy.

Then he came and said to this man: "We need a stake meetinghouse." He complained again, but finally donated for a stake house.

Then the bishop came around and said: "Here, brother, we are making an extra effort to complete the Salt Lake temple, and we want a very large and splendid donation from you. You have been very prosperous; the Lord has blessed you since you came to this land." He hemmed and hawed and complained, but he finally gave the donation, because in the meantime he had learned this glorious principle of vicarious labor for the dead. Some people ridicule that principle; they say it is absurd, it is ridiculous that we, the living, can do work for the dead. People may ridicule this principle, but the very foundation of all Christianity is based upon the vicarious labor, and the death of our Lord Jesus Christ, for us. So this man finally contributed for the temple. The academy was soon completed, and his boy attended and in due time graduated with honor.

Then the bishop called on him and said: "That boy of yours has graduated; he has made a fine record, and we would like him to go on a mission to his father's native land. It will cost you about \$25 a month to send him and take care of him." To this the man replied: "Bishop, that is the straw that breaks the camel's back. I paid tithing; I paid fast-day donations; I paid for a ward house; I paid for a stake house; I paid for an academy; I paid for the completion of the temple; but if the Church wants my boy, whom I had expected to bring me in at least seventy-five dollars a month, now that he has graduated, they will have to pay his expenses, or he will not go on a mission." "Well," the bishop said, "that will be all right, he will not go, because the Church is not paying the expenses. All they will do for him is to bring him home free of charge when his mission is completed. They will do that—they will bring him home again. That will be the limit." "Well, then," he said, "he will never go."

The bishop said, "All right. Let us dismiss the subject and talk on something else." They talked on for about an hour. The bishop went around and around, and finally he came to the native land of this man, the country from which he had come, as well as his relatives and friends. Then he said: "By the way, whom do you love more than anybody else on the earth, except your own flesh and blood—your own family?" "Why," he said, "Bishop, more than any other person that draws the breath of life, I love the man who came to me, away up in the midnight-sun country of Scandinavia, and brought to me the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ; the man who came there with the Spirit of the living God, who touched my heart, and melted my very soul, and implanted in my being a knowledge

that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, that Joseph Smith is a prophet of the true and the living God; I love him beyond my power to tell." The bishop then said: "Wouldn't you like somebody to love that boy of yours just as you love that elder?" "Bishop," he said, "you have conquered me fair and square. The boy can go. I will pay his expenses."

11. The Church has never fallen into temptation as an organization. Connect this fact up with the indirect promise made in Section 20:23.

12. How much is promised in the first sentence of Section 59:17 for observance of the Sabbath day?

13. How is the worthiness to partake of the water affected by neglect of prayer or of the violation of the Sabbath day?

14. Bear a two-minute testimony as to what this course of study is doing for you.

A Mission as a Factor in Education

A Study for the Advanced Junior Y. M. M. I. A. Class,
1919-20

LESSON IV.—SHOULD A MAN SELECT A MISSION OR GO WHERE HE IS SENT?

How are missionaries called in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? What does the Church claim as regards divine authority to call men on missions? What is divine authority?

Why is a call coming through divine authority more binding than one coming through earthly, or purely human, sources? Why is it safer to follow divine authority than human?

When a young man receives a call through the proper authority to go on a mission, what should be his attitude towards that call? Give reasons for your answer.

The Church is divine, and the Spirit of God will direct those in authority in the exercise of their churchly duties, each in his calling. Therefore, consistency requires obedience to this authority from the president to the bishop, or to the least of the presiding elders in the missions.

What should a young man do with his personal likes or dislikes, when he is called to go on a mission? Discuss the benefits one derives from submission to divine authority.

Discuss the Savior's saying: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." John 15:16.

Explain the difference between the "call" which comes to a

minister in the world to take up the ministry or to remove from one church to another, and the call which comes to an elder in the Church.

SUMMARY

As the call for a mission does not originate with ones self, but comes from a higher Power, it is the part of wisdom to let that higher Power direct in all things regarding the call, and the where of one's going.

LESSON V.—HOW CAN ONE PREACH THE GOSPEL MOST EFFECTIVELY?

Read, consider, and discuss these sayings:

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." John, 15:15.

"Faith, if it hath not works, is dead." James, 2:17.

"How can I hear what you say, when what you are is thundering in my ears?"

"And the Lord said unto them also (the sons of Mosiah), Go forth among the Lamanites, thy brethren, and establish my word; yet ye shall be patient in longsuffering and afflictions, that ye may show forth good examples unto them in me, and I will make an instrument of thee in my hands, unto the salvation of many souls." Book of Mormon, Alma 17: 11.

Read the fuller account of Ammon's missionary experiences. How did he get the confidence of the people before he preached to them the word of God?

Which is the better missionary, one who is a poor public speaker but is humble and consistent in his every-day living, or one who is eloquent in speech but careless in his manner of living? Give examples, not necessarily mentioning names.

Is the responsibility of living right greater on one who is a teacher or a missionary, than on one who is not? Give reasons for your answers.

SUMMARY

"Example is better than precept." An ideal condition is when one who is a teacher of righteousness conforms strictly to his own teachings. His instructions are then doubly effective.

LESSON VI.—SOME ADVANTAGES OF A MISSION

In lesson four we discussed the proposition of obedience to divinely constituted authority, especially as applied to appointments in the mission field. To go where one is sent sometimes requires a sacrifice of one's desires and feelings. To sacrifice one's personal feelings as well as one's time and means in a good cause, is conducive to the building of a strong character.

Discuss: "Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven."

The gospel of Jesus Christ is the greatest thing in the world. It is the greatest for righteousness in persons or nations. Why, then, is a personal knowledge of the principles of the gospel greatly to be desired?

There is no better way to learn the gospel than having to teach it to others. A young man, therefore, comes home from a mission with a fuller knowledge of the gospel and its operations. What advantage is that to him?

"The doctrine of the kingdom" seems to include "all things both in heaven and in the earth * * * things which are at home, things which are abroad * * * a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms." Doctrine and Covenants 88: 78, 79.

What is the best way of receiving a knowledge of "things in the earth" and "things which are abroad"?

What advantages has a community where there are a number of returned missionaries, when a knowledge of foreign countries, their language, their learning, and their ways, is under discussion?

Discuss the broadening influence of missionary experiences on a young man.

Name the returned missionaries in your ward, and tell where they have filled missions. In what ways are the young men you know different when they come home, from when they left?

SUMMARY

The advantages of a mission to a young man are that it takes him in the formative period of his life, and establishes him in the knowledge of the gospel; it gives him a larger view of the world, and its affairs; and it strengthens, in many ways, his character for good.

"The Twelve Scout Laws"

With Correlated Outlines from the Junior Manuals
For Boys in the Junior Class Doing Regular Scout Work

Lesson IV.—A Scout is Cheerful

"A scout is cheerful." He smiles whenever he can. His obedience to orders is prompt and cheery. He never shirks nor grumbles at hardships. In other words, it is his plain duty to spread sunshine in the world, to cultivate a sunny disposition which is worth more than gold. He believes, with Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

It is easy enough to be pleasant,
When the world moves along like a song,
But the man worth while is the man who can smile,
When everything goes dead wrong.

There is a sharp difference between cheerfulness and light-mindedness. A boy can be wicked and light-minded, but he cannot be wicked and be cheerful, because a good conscience is one of the necessary conditions of cheerfulness. Give examples of cheerfulness, of light-mindedness. What is the true basis of cheerfulness? Read, "Come, come, ye Saints." Relate the circumstances under which it was written. What was Brigham Young's motive in having it written? What would be the effect of singing this song, on the weary and discouraged traveler? Why do they have music in the army? How can one cultivate cheerfulness in himself? How can he best encourage it in others? "Let us cheerfully do all things that lie in our power, and then may we stand still with the utmost assurance, to see the salvation of God, and for his arm to be revealed." (Doc. & C. 123:17.) What is the meaning of this quotation? How would it affect its meaning to cut out the word "cheerfully?" Discuss the statement, God demands cheerfulness of his children.

Lesson V.—A Scout is Thrifty

(For much valuable matter on this lesson see Junior Manual II. *Lessons on Conduct*, chapter 10, "Work-Idleness.")

"A scout does not wantonly destroy property. He works faithfully, wastes nothing, and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money so that he can pay his own way, is generous to those in need, and helpful to worthy objects. He may work for pay, but must not receive tips for courtesies or good turns."

One of the elements of thrift is going without things which are not necessary to one's own or others' comfort and happiness. An M. I. A. scout should learn early to deny himself these things. Name some of them, such as summer drinks, and picture shows. If a boy begins a savings bank account when he is twelve years old and saves a dollar a month, how much will he have when he is twenty? To what good uses could he put this money? What Church service is nearly every young man expected to give?

Name some of the bad results of unnecessary spending. Give some of the good effects of the saving habit. What is the difference between being stingy and being saving? A miser saves because he loves his money. Is that a true spirit? What purposes should be back of one's saving? Why should not a boy accept tips for doing a good turn?

The Lord has said to the Latter-day Saints: "Thou shalt not be idle; for he that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer." (Doc. and Cov. 42:42.)

Why may boys going to school not be classed as idlers? What can boys do to help pay for their food and clothes?

Lesson VI.—A Scout is Brave

(The lesson "Courage," chapter 6, in the Junior Manual, *Lessons on Conduct*, will give both teacher and the boys many illustrations on brave conduct.)

"The scout has the courage to face danger in spite of fear, and has to stand up for the right against the coaxings of friends or the jeers or threats of enemies, and defeat does not down him."

The courage of the boy scout will be tested in many ways, chiefly in not doing what the boys of his crowd do. A brave boy will not use bad language simply because he hears other boys do it; a brave boy will not smoke because other boys smoke. It is harder to be different in a crowd of boys than to be one with them. When the crowd, therefore, does wrong, it takes a brave boy not to join them.

Tell in what way the following men and women were brave: **Martin Luther, Mary Fielding Smith, Edith Cavell, Joseph Smith.**

It is important to be brave in the right direction. To be brave for the mere showing off is foolish. Riding a bucking horse when there is no real need for it, belongs to this class of bravery. Trying to stop a runaway horse when others are in danger would be a commendable act of bravery.

"I'm afraid" is some boys' excuse. That should be no excuse for not doing one's duty. Many noble things are done by people who are afraid. When a thing is right, fear should not stop us. The soldier is often afraid, but he does not run away. Many public speakers say they are fearful each time they get up to speak; but this does not prevent them from filling their appointments.

A Song of Praise


We thank Thee, Omnipotent One,
For the down-fl wing heat of the sun
Upon the wide, fragrant fields—
A benediction of peace;
A promise of fruitful increase!
For the mystery of unfolding leaf
For the bud that holds in its sheath
Beauty divine—
Our thanks, for the glory is Thine.

For the rain that quickens and thrills,
Through the pregnant earth and fills
It with marvelous impulses new;
For the rose of the dawn,
And the blue of the hills and the sea
And the wondrous sublimity
Of all—the star—the clod—
For life, and work, and love,
We thank Thee, God.

—*Maud Baggarley*



EDITORS TABLE



Regeneration

It has been stated that some of the young people growing up in the midst of the Latter-day Saints, have not been "touched by the profound spirit of the gospel." It is the duty of the teachers in the priesthood quorums and auxiliary organizations to aid in bringing about a rebirth in the souls of all—young, middle-aged, and old—who are in this condition.

Through what means may this be done?

Let us consider, for a moment, the answer which Christ gave to Nicodemus, the Pharisee, when he came to Jesus by night declaring him to be a teacher come from God. Nicodemus appeared to have a doubt, and wished to know for himself whether Christ was a teacher whom God sustained in the performance of the miracles which he did among the people.

It was then that Christ took occasion to teach Nicodemus regeneration, in order that he might see the kingdom of God, and so have the change made in his soul which should make him a child of God—the change which substitutes holy affections and purposes for opposite motives in the heart; in other words, a radical change in the soul for the better—a rebirth.

Jesus taught him, saying: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." It appears plainly from this, that before a person can realize what the kingdom of God is, there must be a regeneration in his soul. That regeneration is the beginning of salvation through which man's true destiny is realized. Two spirits contend in man,—two diametrically opposed influences which seem to come to him by his natural birth; one is evil, the other is good. The first tends downward, the other upward. The death of the downward spirit is the rise of the upward. To save the upward spirit, is to lose the downward spirit, and *vice versa*. The life of the one means the death of the other. To be "touched by the profound spirit of the gospel," means to be regenerated or changed into a condition where the sinful man loses his evil desires and comes into real and abiding communion with God. A man so made alive by the Spirit of God, becomes in very deed a new moral being, fashioned after the likeness of Christ, and in which the human will in him may find harmony with the Divine will so

that, as expressed by Paul to the Romans (8:16), "The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit that we are children of God." When this condition arises in a man's soul, he is born again, and he can clearly see the kingdom of God.

After Jesus had answered his first question, Nicodemus said unto him: "How can a man be born when he is old?" And then it was that Christ told him how he might enter into the kingdom of God. It was after the regeneration spoken of that this entrance was to take place. It never can take place before with any degree of satisfaction. Jesus answered him and said: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God;" this having reference to faith, repentance, baptism by water by one having authority, and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. He who has had this experience has entered into the kingdom of God.

Christ sought to explain to Nicodemus, likewise, how it was possible to obtain the rebirth or regeneration. He called attention to the wind which bloweth where it listeth. We hear the sound but cannot tell whence it comes, nor whither it goeth; and so it is with the regeneration of the soul. It comes from above. But how? you say. Jesus further said: "We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen, and ye receive not our witness." He meant by these words that the testimony of those who knew should be a beginning for those who did not know, and then he called attention to the necessity of faith in Jesus himself: whosoever believeth in the Son of man, shall not perish, but have eternal life, for God sent his Son into the world not to condemn it, but that the world through him might be saved. "And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

We would say, therefore, to the young man who has asked us the question as to how he may be regenerated, and receive the "profound touch of the Spirit," that commissioned servants of God are living who have the message of life and salvation; and that faith, the gift of God, that is first necessary is largely created by hearing the word of God. Through hearing and heeding their message, the will of the individual may be conformed to the will of God, and turned to the light, from evil to good, "For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds be reproved; but he that doeth truth cometh to the light; that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God."

As a means of regeneration, therefore, it is necessary that the will and conscience of the individual place themselves in har-

mony with the word of God, which is thus made vital to the inward conviction of the heart. Faith in God is a first condition of the change.

All who lack a testimony of the gospel, and of its restoration in the latter days, need this vital change in their lives. These should seek God in prayer, with an earnest desire and will in the soul to know him, and if they so ask they shall receive the information desired, and will realize the promise and see the kingdom of God. The next step is to be born of the water and of the Spirit, or be baptized by one having authority, and then, by the imposition of hands, receive the Holy Ghost which shall be a constant light on the upward way, and through whose guidance sinful man may come into real and abiding communion with God. This condition is the happiest and most comforting that any person can reach. It is worth every soul's best effort. The word of God made vital to the soul is the means of the attainment, and faith is the requisite to the change!—A.

The Twentieth Century

Victor Hugo, the greatest among French poets (1802-1885) made the following remarkable utterance in a speech on behalf of the Workmen's Congress, at Marseilles, from which this extract is taken, and which was published in *Tit-Bits*, London, 1882:

For four hundred years the human race has not made a step but what has left its plain vestige behind. We enter now upon great centuries. The sixteenth century will be known as the age of painters, the seventeenth will be termed the age of writers, the eighteenth the age of philosophers, the nineteenth the age of apostles and prophets. To satisfy the nineteenth century it is necessary to be the painter of the sixteenth, the writer of the seventeenth, the philosopher of the eighteenth, and it is also necessary, like Louis Blanc, to have the innate and holy love of humanity which constitutes an apostolate, and opens up a prophetic vista into the future. In the twentieth century war will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will be dead; but man will live. For all there will be but one country—that country the whole earth.

All hail, then, to that noble twentieth century which shall own our children, and which our children shall inherit.

Change in Stake Superintendency

Superintendent M. H. Knudsen of the Utah stake of Zion, for the Y. M. M. I. A. has been released and John S. Smith, has been appointed superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of that stake. The stake is making splendid progress in all Y. M. M. I. A. activities.

Activity Guide

The *Improvement Era* has received the Pioneer Stake Mutual Improvement *Activity Guide*, for 1919-20, containing the slogans, list of stake, ward, and Mutual officers, the reading course books, home missionary schedules, time of union meetings, instructions on enlistment work, stake social events, M. I. A. activities, preliminary programs, and other interesting matter pertaining to the work of the Mutual Improvement Associations in that stake. James A. Giles, superintendent Y. M. M. I. A.; Sasie Heath, superintendent Y. L. M. I. A.

Books

"The Man of Tomorrow"

This is a volume of inspirational reading for young men and others who seek scientific information on methods of choosing a vocation in life. Copies of the book may be had by addresssing the *Improvement Era*, 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City. Send for it now before the books are all gone. Price \$1.10 postpaid.

"Y. M. M. I. A. Choruses"

This is a book of 23 musical selections specially written by Prof. Evan Stephens for the Y. M. M. I. A. Junior and Senior members. Just the thing to brighten up the preliminary programs. Send for copies to the *Improvement Era*, 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City. Twenty-three select pieces of music, only 45¢ postpaid, bound under one paper cover.

"Venna Hastings"

Venna Hastings is the title of a novel, by Julia Farr, dealing with the experiences of a wealthy, talented New York society lady, who becomes converted to the faith of the Church. The plot is well conceived, the various characters are drawn with considerable skill and good judgment, and the style is easy and pleasing. The story inculcates religious tolerance and shows the excellence of the gospel, as manifested in the fruits of the tree, and it will be read with great interest by the Latter-day Saints. Send orders to the author, 119 F. St., Salt Lake City, price \$1.00.

Messages from the Missions

Doings in Hilo, Hawaii, T. H.

In September we were visited by President Samuel E. Woolley and family, and also our new President E. Wesley Smith. President Smith was delighted upon his return to the Hilo Conference, where twelve years ago he began his labors as a missionary, serving here in the Hilo conference for over two years.

As a token of love and respect for these men of the Lord, a large luau (Hawaiian feast) was given them as a welcome to the Island of Hawaii, August 27, by the Saints of the Hilo, Aleamai, and Honomu branches of the Church. The Aleamai Amusement Hall, beautifully decorated with tropical plants and flowers, accomodated about 250 who had gathered. A special program of local talent, was held. Discourses were delivered by Pres. Samuel E. Woolley and Pres. E. Wesley Smith. The address of welcome was delivered by David K. Kailimai, president of the Aleamai

branch. It was a very impressive service, many being moved to tears of joy.

Two weeks later President Smith and Elder King returned to the Hilo conference, arriving in Kihalani—the extreme northern branch of the conference—on Sept. 10. They were welcomed by Pres. Richard W. Madsen, Jr., and Presiding Elder E. K. Simmons and about 200 of the Kihalani Saints. At noon a bounteous feast was served. Following the feast a general meeting was held, which was attended by over 100 of the Saints and friends, who were addressed by Pres. Smith, Elders Madsen and King. To illustrate that the Hawaiian people are the most hospitable in the world, the elders were invited to so many homes to be entertained that the party had to be separated, so that as many people as possible might be pleased. Meetings were held also in Honomu, and Aleamai.

On Saturday evening, Sept. 13, a well attended cottage meeting was held in Hilo. The missionaries then adjourned to the mission home, where a special priesthood meeting of missionaries took place. President Smith addressed the missionaries.

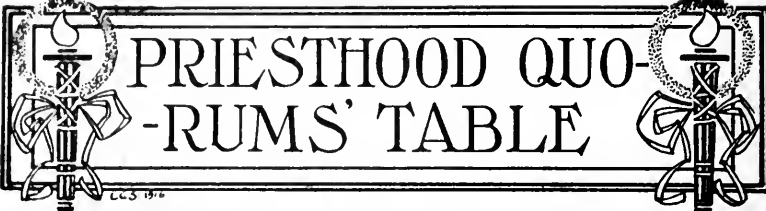
On Sunday morning the Hilo chapel was well filled with an interested throng anxiously waiting to hear from their new leader. During the day three well attended meetings were held, and the good will of the people toward their president was made manifest.

On Monday, previous to their departure, a luau was given in honor of the missionaries in the home of Sister Elizabeth Watson, about twenty-five being present. A real Hawaiian farewell was rendered them at the wharf where they were bedecked with beautiful leis and received the best *Aloha Nui* of the Hilo Saints.—*Richard W. Madsen, Jr.*, president of the Hilo Conference.

A Cottage Meeting Every Evening of the Week

Elder W. A. Silver, of the Columbia branch of the South Carolina conference, writes May 16: "This is a very good field of labor, and the elders and lady missionaries are doing a good work. There are many homes opened for the brethren and sisters to hold cottage meetings, and one meeting is held every evening in the week. We have a good attendance at our Sunday school and hall meetings, every week. The Saints here are very eager to read the contents of the *Improvement Era*, which we receive here every month. The missionaries are: left to right, Mayme Nelson, W. A. Silver, Betty L. Tuck, and M. A. Thorne."





PRIESTHOOD QUO- -RUMS' TABLE

LC 3 1916

The Cigarette and Individual Efficiency

By Dr. M. P. Henderson, of the Brigham Young University

The stake presidency of Utah stake, recognizing the menace to our youth of the cigarette evil, has deemed it of such importance that, through the visits of the district teachers, this subject has been ordered taken into every home. Accordingly they asked Dr. Henderson to briefly discuss the question from a scientific aspect, and they have submitted what he has written for the benefit and enlightenment of all the Saints in the stake. The information is of general interest:

The human body is a self-building, self-repairing, and self-regulating mechanism; but, like other machines, it must be supplied with energy from without in order to carry on its operations. This energy is provided in the form of foods which are taken into the alimentary canal and digested, then passed through the intestinal wall into the blood which carries them to all the tissues of the body. These tissues are composed of individual units called cells, each of which possesses the power to take from the blood the particular type of food which it needs. But the energy of this food is in the potential or inactive form, and before it can be used to do the work of any part of the body it must be released or changed into a kinetic or active form. This is accomplished by a process of oxidation, or so-called "physiological burning." Oxygen unites with the molecules of food within the cells and energy is produced very much as in the oxidation or burning of coal in an engine. Two waste products, carbon dioxide gas and water, are also produced. The energy thus released expresses itself in growth, muscular activity, thought, etc. The waste carbon dioxide gas is passed from the active cells into the blood, thence into the lungs, and out with the expired breath. The oxygen for this process must reach the cells by way of the lungs and the blood stream.

In the human machine, then, there is but one passage-way—the lungs and blood-stream—which must serve for both the entrance of the necessary oxygen and the removal of the waste carbon dioxide gas. One division of this passageway, namely, the blood stream, is also responsible for the transfer of the "fuel" (food) to the cells. Since all growth, all muscular activity, and all thought are directly dependent upon the release of energy, it is clear that individual growth and physical and mental efficiency will be largely determined by the facility with which food and oxygen are transferred to the cells and the wastes removed from them.

The respiratory tract and the blood are admirably fitted for the duty of providing the cells with a supply of clean, pure air. Near the entrance to the nasal openings is a growth of hairs which normally intercept the larger particles of dust. The walls of the nasal passages, the trachea, and the bronchial tubes of the lungs are provided with cells which secrete a mucus which collects dust, germs, and other foreign particles which come in contact with it. Interspersed with these mucous cells are others which have many tiny projections called cilia, extending from them into the passageway. These cilia are constantly waving in such manner that the mucus covering them, together with its load, is kept moving toward the exterior, thus

preventing the entrance of undesirable substances into the deeper recesses of the lungs.

Within the blood are numerous cells whose duty it is to collect the oxygen as soon as it enters the blood stream in the lungs and transport it to the various parts of the body. This is possible only because of the fact that these cells contain a substance, haemoglobin, which has a strong attraction for oxygen.

How May the Cigarette Affect this System and Through it Individual Efficiency?

A chemical analysis of smoke, just ordinary smoke, such as may arise from the slow burning of rattan, cedar bark, or any similar material, shows it to consist of particles of soot, that is, bits of unoxidized carbon; carbon dioxide gas which results from a complete union of oxygen with carbon; carbon monoxide gas which comes from partial burning or incomplete union of oxygen with carbon; and various other gases and volatile substances generated or released during the burning.

A mixture such as this, when in dilute condition is irritating to the delicate membranes of the eyes, nose, throat and lungs, as every one knows from experience. But suppose it to be inhaled, not dilute but concentrated by being drawn directly from the fire through a paper tube, not by way of the nose, which is normal, but through the mouth. The cleaning effect of the nasal passage is lost. The soot passes directly into the trachea and bronchial tubes. The mucus becomes coated with soot, the cilia are overburdened in an effort to sweep it out, and bits of it will be passed into more remote cavities of the lungs, there to remain as foreign irritants. The oxygen which normally should pass into the respiratory tract is exhausted by the process of burning, and in its stead are developed carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide gases which fill the cavities of the lungs. The blood which has been returned to the lungs to throw off its load of carbon dioxide and take on a fresh supply of oxygen is unable to effect this change and is returned to the cells still laden with waste and without an adequate supply of oxygen for further cell activity. In addition, it has had forced upon it a considerable quantity of carbon monoxide, a most violent poison. This gas passes readily through the walls of the lungs into the blood stream. Here it unites with the haemoglobin of the blood cells and destroys its power ever again to carry oxygen. As little as seventeen parts of this gas in ten thousand parts of air in a room has been found to be fatal to animals, and anything above fifteen parts in ten thousand parts of air is regarded as distinctly dangerous. What would be the effect of habitually inhaling even such a simple mixture as this?

Cigarette Smoke is Not Ordinary Smoke

One ounce of tobacco smoked in the form of cigarettes has been found to give as much as from one pint to four pints of carbon monoxide gas. In addition to the substances already mentioned it contains nicotine, furfural, sulphureted hydrogen, hydrocyanic acid and acrolein, besides small quantities of various other substances. Nicotine is a highly poisonous, oily fluid which constitutes one to ten per cent of tobacco with an average of three per cent. It is readily volatilized by heat so that from twenty to eighty per cent of it is taken directly into the respiratory system of the smoker. In this form it readily passes into the blood which quickly distributes it to all the cells of the body. Experiment on animals has shown that its more immediate effect are a lessening of the rate of heart beat, and weakening of the force of heart action; increase in the rate of breathing; nausea and

vomiting; and very often convulsions by direct attack upon the cells of the brain and spinal cord. Furfural is a volatile, oily liquid which Sir Lauder Brunton, an eminent scientist, estimates as fifty times as poisonous as alcohol. In small doses it gives rise to tremors and twitching of the muscles, and in larger quantities causes convulsions and general muscular paralysis, ending in complete paralysis of the respiratory system. The percentage of this substance in cigarette smoke is higher than with either the pipe or cigar. Sulphureted hydrogen is a strongly irritating gas which is believed to effect its poisonous influence by direct attack upon the cells of the brain and spinal cord. Death results almost instantly from inhaling it in concentrated form. Some investigators advocate that one part of this gas in one thousand parts of air will cause fatal results in a very short time. Hydrocyanic acid is a very volatile substance, and is one of the most deadly of all known poisons. It is fatal to all forms of animal life, and is used extensively for fumigation of greenhouses and other buildings to exterminate extensively for fumigation of greenhouses and other buildings, to exterminate approximating .25 per cent. It is readily absorbed by the blood and passed to all parts of the body. Acrolein is a volatile, colorless liquid, which is formed during the incomplete burning of substances containing fats or glycerine. Thomas A. Edison says: "The injurious agent in cigarette smoke comes principally from the burning wrapper. The substance thereby formed is called 'Acrolein.' It has a violent action upon the nerve centers, producing degeneration of the cells of the brain, which is quite rapid among boys. Unlike most narcotics, this degeneration is permanent and uncontrollable."

The above represents a brief statement of the facts. *What are the results?* Does a practice which constantly prevents the entrance of oxygen in adequate amounts to the body cells and hinders elimination of waste carbon dioxide gas contribute in any degree to bodily efficiency? Can a practice which keeps the cells of the brain, the nerves and the muscles constantly striving to withstand the attacks of poisons, such as nicotine, carbon monoxide, hydrocyanic acid, and acrolein contribute anything to mental or moral efficiency? Can a practice which in youth inhibits the growth of the heart, stunts the development of the entire physical body, and causes permanent degeneration of the cells of the brain make the individual more efficient? The cigarette habit is such a practice. It may be said that many great men have indulged in this habit. Granted. But compare them with themselves, what might they not have done without this practice? In this day of keen competition, can one afford the handicap of the cigarette?

(Read *Tobacco and Human Efficiency*, by Fred J. Pack.)

"There are things worse than war." So say the champions of militarism. Yes, and there are acts worse than murder, if that awful crime is regarded from the standpoint of the victim. But to the murderer there can be nothing worse. In a war, too, somebody is guilty of murder, and to the guilty party, be it an individual or a body of individuals, there can be nothing worse.

One of the old pagan philosophers used to pray the gods to give him what was good for him, even if he did not desire it, and to withhold that which was not good, even if he did ask for it.

PASSING EVENTS



China declared peace with Germany, September 15, without signing the Versailles treaty.

Senator Reed of Missouri was mobbed, October 1, at Admore, Oklahoma, where he attempted to deliver an address against the ratification of the peace treaty.

The Industrial Congress, called by President Wilson, convened October 6, at Washington. The object is to establish harmonious relations between labor and capital.

The sugar factory near Gunnison, Sanpcte county, was formally opened September 29, in the presence of 2,500 visitors. The plant has been erected at the cost of about \$956,000.

The peace treaty with Austria was signed by the Austrian plenipotentiary, Dr. Karl Renner, September 10. By the treaty, Austria is reduced to the German speaking part of the empire.

In a race riot at Elaine, near Helena, Arkansas, October 1, five white men and eleven negroes were killed, as a result of clashes between a posse searching for the persons who fired upon and killed W. D. Adkins, a railroad special agent.

The First Ward Chapel, Salt Lake City, was dedicated September 21. President Heber J. Grant offered the dedicatory prayer. Bishop John C. Duncan conducted the dedicatory exercises. The chapel was erected four years ago at a cost of about \$40,000.

Commentary on the Doctrine and Covenants. This is a work of 1100 pages just received from the Millennial Star press at Liverpool. It contains historical and explanatory notes on the revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants, with a complete subject index, by the late Elder Hyrum M. Smith, of the Council of the Twelve, and Elder J. M. Sjodahl.

German peace treaty was ratified, October 7, by Victor Emmanuel, king of Italy, subject to approval by the Italian parliament. This makes the peace treaty operative as far as Germany, Great Britain, France, and Italy are concerned. The French Chamber of Deputies had ratified the treaty just five days before, October 2, by a vote of 372 to 53.

Cardinal Mercier, primate of the Roman Catholic church in Belgium, arrived in New York, September 9. He came to this country, to thank the American people for the part they took in the liberation of Belgium. The aged cardinal was one of the conspicuous figures in the heroic struggle of his country against the fate decreed by her eastern neighbor.

War with Jugo-Slavia was declared by Gabriele d' Annunzio, the eccentric Italian poet and novelist warrior, who, with Italian troops, holds Fiume for Italy. Fiume is not yet an independent state and is not recognized as a belligerent. The uncertainty of the Fiume affair was complicated by a strike of metal workers that affected all factories, and made a general strike imminent.

The American Expeditionary Force was finally dissolved, after a last victory parade, in Washington, September 17, when General Pershing was the central figure at the head of the First Division in the last military spectacle. General Pershing landed in New York, September 8, and there had a welcome of extraordinary warmth and enthusiasm, and also there led the First Division in a parade.

A hurricane that swept the costal region of Texas, September 14, destroyed the town of Port Aransas, on the upper end of Mustang island. Considerable damage was done in other places. At Corpus Christi from 15 to 25 persons were reported killed, and 4,000 rendered homeless. The number of dead altogether were said to exceed 200, and the damage done to property was estimated at \$15,000,000.

In the police strike in Boston, seven persons were reported dead and fifty hurt, on September 12, as a result of a clash between soldiers and lawless gangs. The police strike, the attempt at the formation of a police union in Washington, and the disclosure that steps are being taken to unionize the police in fifty other large cities, have aroused fears in Congress of a concerted radical movement to sovietize the American government.

Robert S. Bult, pioneer locomotive engineer of the Utah Central railroad who ran the first railway train into Salt Lake City, January 10, 1870, died in St. Anthony, Idaho, October 8, 1919. He was born in England, March 19, 1842, came to Utah in 1863, residing in Slaterville and Harrisville, Weber county, until 1869, when Brigham Young secured him for the construction of the Utah Central between Ogden and Salt Lake, now the O. S. L.

Friederich Ebert, the former saddle maker, took the oath of office as the first president of the German Imperial Republic, on August 21, 1919, with impressive ceremony. The seat of Government was transferred from Weimar to Berlin. The Bavarian Government which, during the revolution, took control of its own army, was turned over on October 1, to President Ebert and Minister of Defense Noske, of the new German republic.

The railroad strike in England and Scotland assumed such proportions that the government placed the population under strict food rationing. The strike was regarded as political, indicating the existence of tendencies akin to Russian Bolshevism, but it was settled temporarily, October 15, by a compromise, by which the government guaranteed to keep up wages for a year, and the men promised to return to work, pending further development.

The Forty-first Annual State Fair of the State of Utah was opened Oct. 6, continuing for the week under most favorable circumstances. The weather was beautiful and the attendance exceeded all previous records. The government exhibition, showing what equipment is used by the army, was a notable feature. Star shells and signal rockets were sent up from the race track. The largest attendance was recorded on Oct. 9, when festivities were given in honor of the service men.

Madame Adelina Patti (Baroness Cederstrom) died, September 27, at Craig-y-Nos castle, South Wales, aged 76 years. She made her debut in opera in New York, in 1850, when sixteen years old. She was born in Madrid, Spain, of Italian parents, and was brought up in New York. Since her appearance in Royal Italian opera, in London, in 1861, in *La Sonnambula*, she has sung in nearly every European capital. Her voice was a rich soprano, and her technical facility was extraordinary.

The death of Mrs. Avera Hardy, eldest daughter of Elizabeth Smoot Hardy, and the late Milton H. Hardy, at her home in Salt Lake City, was announced recently. She was born February 26, 1882, and is survived by three children, Milton W., Ruth A., and L. LaMonte, aged fourteen, twelve, and ten years, respectively; one sister, Mrs. Ben C. Rich, of Salt Lake, three brothers, M. O. Hardy, M. S. Hardy, both of Salt Lake, and Dr. LeGrande H. Hardy of New York. The remains were taken to Provo and there laid to their final rest.

Moving Pictures to be exhibited in churches. According to reports, screens and projecting machines are to be installed in 21,000 Methodist Episcopal places of worship. For week nights, dramatic, comedy, travelogue, news, industrial, educational, and entertaining subjects will be exhibited; for Sundays, sacred history, Biblical drama, and material bearing on Sunday School lessons. The Social Advisory Committee of the Latter-day Saint Church is considering the advisability of arranging for a regular series of films to be shown in the amusement halls throughout the Church.

For the fourteenth national census, which will be taken in 1920, Utah has been divided into two districts. The First District comprises the following counties: Box Elder, Cache, Carbon, Daggett, Davis, Duchesne, Emery, Garfield, Grant, Kane, Morgan, Piute, Rich, San Juan, Sanpete, Sevier, Summit, Uintah, Wasatch, Wayne, and Weber: Twenty-one counties; population 1910, 165,466. Second District.—Beaver, Iron, Juab, Millard, Salt Lake, Tooele, Utah, and Washington: Eight counties; population, 1910, 207,885. George Romney, Jr., Smithfield, Cache Co., and Austin P. Miller, Salt Lake City, have been appointed supervisors for the First and Second district respectively.

A great strike began September 22, when laborers belonging to the steel workers unions in the United States laid down their tools. On the third day of the strike, one of the strike leaders announced that 342,000 men were out. From various parts of the country came reports of acts of violence. At Buffalo, one man was killed and four persons injured. At Farrell, Pennsylvania, two were killed and two wounded. At New Castle, a woman was shot and died in the hospital. The demands of the strikers include recognition of collective bargaining, the eight-hour day, reinstatement with pay of all men discharged for union activities, and adoption of the "check-off," a system by which the companies would collect union dues from the men.

Mob rule in Omaha was in evidence Sunday, September 28, when an attempt was made to murder Mayor E. P. Smith, by a crowd that afterwards took a negro from jail and lynched him. The mayor, it is said, pleaded for law and order, when someone shouted, "lynch him!" whereupon a rope was thrown round his neck and half a dozen men dragged him half a block to a trolley pole. He was unconscious when rescued by the police. The mob then killed the negro, who was under arrest charged with assault on a white woman. The court house was set on fire, and the sheriff and his deputies, with about a hundred prisoners, were for a time in danger of suffocation in the upper story of the jail building. Soldiers were, finally, called out to quell the mob riots.

King Albert of Belgium, Queen Elizabeth and Prince Leopold, spent about an hour and a half in Salt Lake City, October 9, on their way to the coast. They were welcomed by the Governor and the Mayor. Thousands of citizens lined the streets. The royal party attended an organ recital in the Tabernacle, which was opened by prayer by President Heber J. Grant. The Royal party were much pleased with the music, passing be-

fore the crowded galleries to the further end, to witness the effect of the music in that part of the building. The king made a speech of appreciation, thanking the people for their welcome to him and his party, and he was heartily applauded by the great audience which comfortably filled the whole auditorium. He referred feelingly to the boys of the 91st division who helped to free Belgium.

The Utah branch of the American Legion met in its first state-wide convention in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, Oct. 7. Chaplain Calvin S. Smith, of 362nd Infantry, Ninety-first Division, offered the invocation. Chairman Wesley E. King outlined the work of the Legion in the State, and an address of welcome was made by Governor Bamberger. The key-note was sounded by Mr. Hamilton Gardner, who condemned "radicalism" and stated that the Legion stood for one hundred per cent "Americanism." He advocated the deportation of all aliens who were disloyal to the American government, and recommended that American citizens who were disloyal be sent to prison. At the closing session of the convention, Mr. Gardner was elected chairman of the Legion. Three vice chairmen, Harry R. Fletcher, of Provo; Peter Cassius, of Ogden; and E. Hatch, of Logan; were elected.

Junior Audubon Classes......The National Associations of Audubon Societies offer advantages to teachers and others in the United States and Canada, for the school year 1919-20, on the subject of "birds and their usefulness," worthy of close consideration. Every teacher who forms a class of twenty or more students receives a free subscription to the magazine *Bird Lore*, containing many valuable suggestions for teachers. To form a class for bird-study, a teacher should explain to the pupils of her grade that their subject will be to learn all they can about the wild birds, and that every one who becomes a member will be expected to be kind to the birds and protect them. Every member will be required to pay a fee of ten cents. Each member will receive a beautiful Audubon button, of the red-wing black bird and a set of ten colored pictures of common birds, together with educational leaflets, in color work, containing accounts of the habits of the birds.

The Utah Legislature met in extra session, September 29, 1919, to take action on the proposed amendment to the constitution of the United States giving the franchise to women, and to transact other business that might come before it. John E. Heppler, of Richfield, was elected speaker of the house to succeed Charles C. Richards. The legislative body adjourned October 6, *sine die*. Some important bills were passed. The woman suffrage amendment to the Constitution of the United States was ratified. A resolution was adopted urging the United States Senate to ratify the peace treaty with Germany without reservations or amendments. No new laws were enacted regarding profiteering, but "picketing" was by a legal enactment made unlawful. The Senate voted for the appropriation of \$10,000 to enable the attorney general to prosecute "profiteers," as asked for by the Governor, but this measure was opposed in the House on the ground that such a small amount would be wasted and would produce no results. An effort to increase the appropriation to \$15,000 was defeated.

Elias Conway Ashton, prominent Salt Lake attorney, died, October 14, 1919, as the result of an accident at the Utah Apex mine, Bingham. The tram in which he was riding, collided with cars carrying ore. His tragic death is a cause of great sorrow to a large circle of relatives, business associates, and friends. In 1909, Mr. Ashton married Miss Rosabell Hall, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Mosiah Hall. There are four children, Orvada, Margaret, Allen and Carlyle. His parents; three brothers, Bishop

Edward M. Ashton, Bishop M. O. Ashton, and R. J. Ashton; two sisters, Mrs. Joseph E. Kjar and Miss Jane Ashton, and his grandmother, Mrs. Mary L. Morris, also survive him. He was born in Salt Lake City, February 15, 1880, a son of Edward T. and Effie Morris Ashton. He graduated from the University of Chicago law school in 1907, and was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of Utah the same year, and later to the United States District Courts of Utah, Idaho and Montana. He was counsel for many leading great local corporations, and in Church work was a member of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, and had taken great interest in class teaching in the Y. M. M. I. A.

Two aviators met death at Castle Rock, Echo Canyon, October 15, Lieutenant French Kirby and Lieutenant Stanley C. Miller, who were speeding toward Salt Lake City, in the transcontinental race. This makes seven fatalities since the start on October 8, or one a day. Fifty-one men started from Roosevelt Field, Mineola, New York, and 47 men from the Rockwell Field, San Francisco. Four of these met their death in Utah, the two above named, and Major Dana H. Crissy and Sergeant Virgil Thomas who were killed at Buena Vista, Salt Lake City, on the evening of October 8 as their machine fell 150 feet when they were trying to land. The contest, which was limited to military aviators, was for the purpose of testing the reliability of the planes and stimulating interest in recruiting for the air service. A return flight also will be made. Ten different types of machines were represented in the entries, and some of them had seen active service on the battle front. Three of the planes entered are German Fokker machines captured almost intact. French, British, and Italian machines also are entered. Lieutenant B. W. Maynard landed at Mineola at 1:50 p. m., Oct. 18, the first to finish the race. With him, as passengers, were William E. Klein, electrician, of Harrisburg, Pa., and "Trixie," a Belgian police dog. His speed at the finish was nearly two miles a minute.

In a world mad with destruction, it is a pleasure to note the constructive achievement in the brief life of this man. He died very suddenly on the morning of August 8, 1919, of apoplexy, at the age of 39. He was the husband of Elizabeth Cannon Porter, a writer well known to *Era* readers, and the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Ross Porter. A builder by nature, of superb physical strength and untiring energy, Roy Porter did his full share in making the earth a better place to live in. He planted thousands of fruit trees, built miles of fences, made roads, constructed bridges, dug waterways and drain ditches, and transformed desert ground into waving fields. He made the Ranch Oasis, on a small section of the Great American Desert. When, according to the prophecy of Brigham Young, Salt Lake City extends to the Great Salt Lake, Roy Porter will be pointed out as one of the pioneers who literally "made the desert to blossom as the rose." Brother Porter had preserved till middle life, a singular purity, manhood, and nobility of soul. He was a devoted son, a beloved husband, and a true father. He was young in looks, at his prime in years, and old in works.



Roy Stillman Porter.

President Wilson arrived in Salt Lake City, September 23, and was accorded an enthusiastic reception. The streets, from the railway station, and

along the route of the presidential party, were lined with throngs, eager to catch a glimpse of the head of the Nation. President Wilson and his charming wife seemed to be immensely pleased, as the car carried them along slowly, among the cheering crowds and under the gently waving flags. President Heber J. Grant, Governor Simon Bamberger, Mayor W. M. Ferry, Mrs. Grant, and Mrs. Bamberger were the first to greet the President, in behalf of the Church, the State of Utah, and Salt Lake City. They were escorted into the President's private railroad car, at the depot. After introductions, the distinguished visitors were escorted to the automobiles. The parade then started. Points of special interest visited were Fort Douglas, the State Capitol, and the Church Offices. In the evening, President Wilson delivered an address in the Tabernacle. The vast building was crowded to its utmost capacity, and when President Wilson entered the rostrum and greeted President Grant with a cordial handshake, the entire audience applauded vigorously. After the invocation, offered by President Grant, the speaker delivered his eloquent plea for the ratification of the peace treaty. He proved conclusively that amendments and radical reservations might be fatal to the work for humanity, accomplished at Versailles. The audience listened with deep interest. Thousands expressed their views by applauding. If any had come to scoff, or to create a disturbance, they were not in evidence. The audience—speaking of the great majority—was in sympathy with the speaker.

During the afternoon, President and Mrs. Wilson, called at Hotel Utah, on Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, president of the Relief Society of the Church. It appears that President Wilson expressed a desire, to members of the reception committee, to be introduced to the woman who was at the head of the Relief Society organization which had saved so much wheat, and turned it over to the United States government when needed. Mrs. Wells had been ill in bed for some time, and President and Mrs. Wilson sat by her bedside, and, in shaking hands with her, the President said he wanted to thank her for what she did, as president of the Relief Society, in helping with her associates in the storing of wheat and then turning it over to the government in time of need. Mrs. Wells, in answer, related some of her experiences in early days. She told the president how, when she first came to Great Salt Lake Valley, her first home was a wagon box, located on the same piece of land on which is now her home. Mrs. Wells has met twelve Presidents of the United States, the first being President Harrison. President Wilson left for the East in the evening. On the 26th his itinerary was cut short at Wichita, Kansas, owing to a nervous breakdown, and he proceeded direct to Washington. His ailment was considered very serious, and the President up to October 20, had not been permitted to leave his room, or engage in any public duty.

Notice to Y. M. M. I. A. Officers

It has been found advisable by the General Board to use the 1917 *Hand Book* for officers for the present season. It contains just such instructions as officers will need for a guide in conducting their associations. A new Hand Book will, therefore, not be issued this season. A few amendments only having been made, the principal of which are briefly named below:

I. The General Board, Stake and Ward Committees should be reconstructed as follows: 1. Administration and Standards. 2. Organization and Memberships. 3. Finance and Publications. 4. Junior Department. 5. Senior Department. 6. Advanced Senior Dept., joint. 7. Social and Summer Work, joint. 8. Reading Course and M. I. A. Special Activities, joint.—See Sept., 1919, *Era*, pages 995-999.

II. Observe that the special Activity, work for 1919-20 has been greatly simplified. No individual scoring records are kept, but there are ten points

in which the associations score, among them attendance at Sacrament meetings. For a full explanation, see *Era* for August, 1919, pages 921-2, also Convention circular, 1919. See also Activity report blanks, furnished free to all officers.

III. Contest work is confined to wards and stakes, there being no Church nor Church district finals for 1919-20.

IV. New arrangements are also made for membership and organization. See circulars sent to stake officers, also pages 923-924 August *Era*; and pages 1011, 1012, 1013, September *Era*, 1919, for both Senior and Junior departments.

V. Orders will be filled immediately, price 25 cents per copy. Send to *Improvement Era*, 22 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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Heber J. Grant,	} <i>Editors</i>	Edward H. Anderson, <i>Business Mgr.</i>
Edward H. Anderson,		Moroni Snow, <i>Assistant</i>

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- Automobile Engineering**—Professor Taylor, Monday, 8:00, Wednesday and Thursday, 7:00-10:00, university shops.
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- Automobile Engineering for Women**—Prof. Taylor, Thursday, 2:00, university shops.
- Banking, General**—Mr. Draper, Thursday, 7:00, Comm'l club.
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- Domestic Art**—Miss Hutteballe, Tuesday, 4:30, university.
- Domestic Science**—Miss Wheeler, Tuesday, 4:30, university.
- Commercial Law**—Prof. Leary, Tuesday, 7:30, university.
- Electricity, Principles of**—Professor Merrill, Wednesday, 8:00, university.
- English:**
- Short Story**—Professor Widtsoe, Wednesday, 8:00, L. D. S. High School.
- English 1**—Professor Quivey, Wednesday, 8:00, L. D. S. H. S.
- American Literature**—Professor Marshall, Wednesday, 7:30, city library.
- Business English**—Mr. Richards, Tuesday, 8:00, university.
- Contemporary Drama**—Professor Lewis, 7:30, Little theatre.
- French**—Beginning, Intermediate and Advanced, Professors Barker and Kerr, Monday, 7:30, L. D. S. High School.
- Geology**—Professor Schneider, Monday, 5:30, city library.
- Industrial Chemistry**—Professor Bonner, Wednesday, 8:00, university.
- Interpretation**—Professor Babcock, Monday and Thursday, 8:00, Little theatre.
- Metallurgy**—Professor Bradford, Class to be organized beginning January 5.
- Mother Play**—Miss Jones, Friday, 8:00, L. D. S. High School.
- Music**—Mr. Ebberley, Monday, Wednesday, 4:30, university.
- Office Management, Private Secretarial Work**—Mr. Norton, Friday, 8:00, city library.
- Philosophy**—Professor Chamberlain, Friday, 7:30, university.
- Play Production**—Professor Babcock, Monday, Thursday, 6:30, Little theatre.
- Progress of People in Modern Times**—Professor Fellows, Friday, 7:00, city library.
- Public Health**—Dr. Gowans, Tuesday, 8:00, Barratt hall.
- Public Speaking**—Professor Menzer, Wednesday, Friday, 7:00, Little theatre.
- Psychology**—Professor Chamberlain, Friday, 7:30, university.
- Spanish**—Elementary, Intermediate, Commercial, Professor Russell, Wed, 7:00, city library.
- Western History**—Professor Young, Monday, 7:30, L. D. S. High School.

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